CREEPY 14

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢

# CREEPY

PDC

APRIL
NO. 14

***Illustrated horror awaits you on the haunted pages "Where Sorcery Lives!"***

WITH A WAVE OF OUR WEIRD WANDS, LET'S MARCH INTO SOME MONSTROUS MEANDERINGS CONCERNING MAGICIANS FOR OUR LATEST EERIE EFFORT IN...

# CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

FAMED THROUGH THE KING ARTHUR LEGENDS, THE MAGICIAN MERLIN SEEMS TO HAVE ACTUALLY LIVED IN THE FIFTH CENTURY, WHERE HE DEVELOPED AN AWSOME REPUTATION SINCE IT WAS SAID A DEMON FATHERED HIM, AND HIS PREDICTIONS HAD A WAY OF COMING TRUE. HE EVEN FORESAW THE REIGNS OF QUEENS ANNE AND ELIZABETH...

MERLIN'S NAME BECAME SO IDENTIFIED WITH MAGIC, THAT LATER SORCERERS OF A SIMILAR TYPE ADOPTED IT, SUCH AS STRATHCLYDE MERLIN OR MERLIN CALEDONIUS. THE LATTER CAME TO A VAMPIRE-LIKE END WHEN TO ESCAPE PURSUERS HE PLUNGED INTO THE RIVER TWEED ONLY TO BE IMPALED ON A HIDDEN WOODEN STAKE!

EVEN LOUIS XI OF FRANCE COWERED BEFORE A MAGICIAN. THE MAN FORETOLD, TO THE KING'S ANNOYANCE, THE DEATH OF ONE OF HIS FAVORITE LADIES... SUMMONING THE MAGICIAN TO BE PUT TO DEATH, THE MAN PREDICTED HIS END WOULD PRECEDE LOUIS' BY 3 DAYS! THE KING SAW TO IT THE MAGICIAN LIVED TO A RIPE OLD AGE!

THE MAD MONK, RASPUTIN CARRIED THIS TRADITION INTO THE 20TH CENTURY WITH HIS POWER OVER THE LAST CZAR AND CZARINA OF RUSSIA. EVEN HIS OWN ASSASSINATION GAVE LEGEND TO HIS MYSTIC POWERS. HE WAS GIVEN LARGE DOSES OF POISON SHOT MANY TIMES, AND FINALLY DROWNED, BEFORE BEING SUCCESSFULLY KILLED!

ART BY JOHN SEVERIN

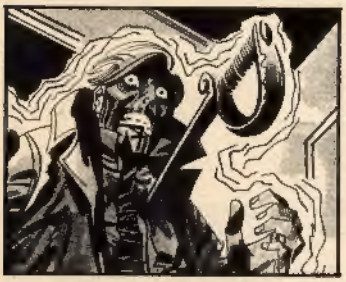
# CREEPY

NO.14

**PUBLISHER:** James Warren **ASSISTANT TO PUBLISHER:** Richard Conway

**EDITOR:** Archie Goodwin **COVER:** Gray Morrow **LETTERING:** Ben Oda

**STAFF ARTISTS:** Neal Adams, Dan Adkins, Eugene Colan, Johnny Craig, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Frank Frazetta, Jerry Grandenetti, Rocco Mastroserio, Gray Morrow, Joe Orlando, John Severin, Angelo Torres, Alex Toth, Al Williamson, Wallace Wood



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# DEAR UNCLE CREEPY

**Due to an early press date last issue, we didn't get to print any letters on my trembling twelfth issue, so this session we'll include those along with fang mail on our throbbing thirteenth!—UC**

Back in 1964, I noticed on the magazine rack, a mag with a bright yellow cover. Being in dire need of reading material, I handed the clerk my 35 cents and went out with CREEPY No. 1. As I turned the last page of that issue, I thought this fledgling mag had great potential. When issue No. 2 came into my possession in February '65, my suspicions were confirmed!

Since my introduction in '64, I think it has evolved as I have, except when it went into a temporary lapse with issues 9 & 10, which I felt not up to par, as you probably did. And so it goes, I have all 13 CREEPYS, liking issues 1, 2, 3, 7, and 13 best from the set. My favorite CREEPY-EERIE artists are Alex Toth and Frank Frazetta. I'd like to see more of them in '67 with more gore put into each issue. I'd like to see this printed, but with my luck it probably won't be. So, keep C & E coming in all their splendor. My favorite mags are CREEPY, EERIE, and PLAYBOY, in that order.

Pete Ristevich
Detroit, Mich.

**No wonder you put Playboy last, Pete . . . No vampires, no monsters, nothing but rabbits!—UC**

CREEPY No. 12 was terrific! As to that type of cover being seen again, I'm all for it, but please use it in moderation. "Blood of the Werewolf" was my favorite story in this issue. Steve Ditko's art has seemed to improve now that he's left Marvel, and you, Mr. Goodwin, how in the world (or anywhere else for that matter) do you dream up these horror masterpieces? Isn't it an amazing coincidence that Mark Ricton's (EERIE No. 6) and Jerry Grandenetti's artwork so closely resemble Joe Orlando's? I've one complaint—your mag hasn't enough stories! Don't increase frequency of publication . . . six times a year allows for better stories and art.

Mitch Szwedo
Chicago, Ill.

**Believe me, Mitch, it IS just coincidence . . . Mark, Jerry, and Joe are all real and separate talents! We don't want to start another "Is Archie Goodwin really Joe Orlando" sort of thing—UC**

I'm sorry to say that I have mixed feelings about CREEPY No. 13. It was one of your best issues and also one of your worst. "The Squaw" was a good story. Reed Crandall's art was fine and Goodwin's adaptation excellent. In "Early Warning", the plot was a combination of two stories you've had in past issues, "Spawn of the Cat People" in CREEPY No. 2, and "Backfire" in CREEPY 11. Jerry Grandenetti is a good artist, but his method of intertwining panels is confusing and detracts from the plot. "Scream Test" by Torres was fairly good but the ending did not work out well. The stills were very good though. "Madness in the Method" had good art, but was a standard sort of horror, not the kind I've grown to expect from CREEPY. "Fear in Stone" was excellent. Colan's change of style from Daredevil to CREEPY is surprising but I'm happy to say I like both styles very much. Adam Link was good, but then, it always is. Now we come to the best story in the book, "Second Chance". It is Ditko's best effort to date, and I've never seen anything to top it. How about doing a profile of Steve? I'm sure lots of students of Mystic Art would appreciate it. Try doing an issue with these artists and the plaudits will never stop coming: Dan Adkins, Eugene Colan, Johnny Craig, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, Joe Orlando, and Wally Wood.

Lawrence Gurewitch
Skaneateles, N.Y.

**It's pretty likely that we will, Larry. As long as we keep publishing (and we don't have any intention of stopping), sooner or later, EVERYONE's favorite combination of artists is bound to turn up (Unless it's someone not on our staff, and even then you can't be sure)—UC**

This is the first time I ever read a CREEPY magazine (No. 12). In the last sentence of "Loathsome Lore", you had quite an elaborate Twilight Zone style. Thought you had the right idea in "Turncoat". As for "Maximum Effort", I take off my hat; it was a masterpiece. You did a good job on "Blood of the Werewolf" and I thought "Idol Hands" was terrific, especially, UC comment at the end of it. As for "Dark House of Dreams" and "Robot Detective", I didn't think they were so hot. If the voodoo story hadn't already been so exploited, you would've had a nice tale.

Marcelo Bermann
Brookline, Mass.

I would like to tell you how much I like your magazine. I don't know as much about art and story plots as some of your other readers, but I DO know what I like and I like CREEPY. I feel if someone doesn't like your magazine, or any other magazine, they shouldn't read it anymore.

I liked the story, "The Squaw", best, except I didn't completely like the very end. I was on the mother cat's side. I didn't like Elias P. Hutcheson one bit, but it's a shame she had to hurt the innocent guard to get her revenge. I guess the main reason I take the cat's part is that I'm a girl; maternal instincts and all that. Also, I have always considered animals superior to humans in some ways.

Carol Tibbels
Sterling, Ill.

**Don't think it's just because you're a girl, Carol. To tell you the truth, I was sort of rooting for the cat too! But you know ME . . . Don't think too badly of critical readers, we think if they didn't have our interests at heart, they wouldn't bother to write at all—UC**

. . . Archie Goodwin is going down. His stories are getting boring. "Maximum Effort" is one if your best stories. Use Ron Parker more, he's great. The rest of issue No. 12 was simply awful. It's your worst issue. And don't use borders on your cover. It cuts out more of Frazetta's fabulous work. How come you skipped Adam Link a couple of issues?

Ed Hedleston
Rossville, Ga.

**Opinions on cover borders and Adam Link seem radically divided. You either really love 'em or really hate 'em. So, with both, we try to strike a happy note by having them appear in some issues but not all. Incidentally, due to another of our terrorible typos, Frazetta was credited with the issue 12 cover actually done by GRAY MORROW! Sorry about that, Gray—UC**

You have the sharpest mag in the world! Each issue I read and re-read until I have them memorized. No. 12 was really fab, and I like the border around the great piece of art. Keep the border on all the next issues. The best story was "Blood of the Werewolf" and also terrific was "Maximum Effort". Keep up with vamps and ghouls, especially with artwork by Angelo Torres and Steve Ditko. What happened to those great stories like "Skeleton Crew?" I really missed one last issue. I like to see stories that put you in suspense right up to the last few panels.

Russ Streifert
Ballston Spa, N.Y.

**No ghouls this issue, Russ, but see how you like newcomer Neal Adams' version of vampires on Page 55—UC**

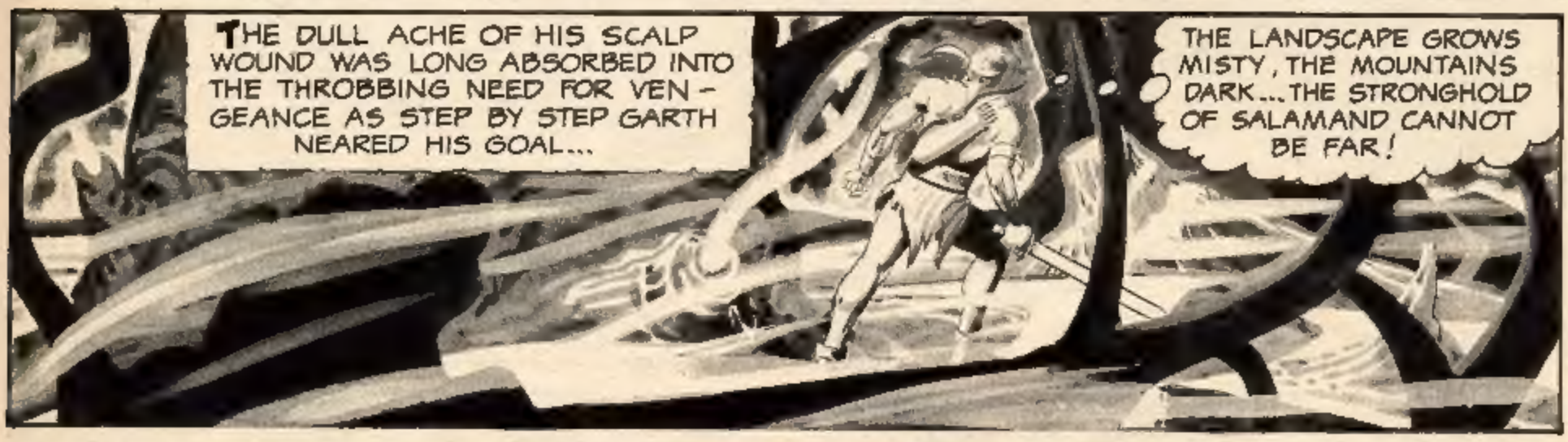
The cover by Gray Morrow for CREEPY 13 was terrific, the best I've seen by him. "Loathsome Lore" was okay, but if you had more text I think it would be better. "The Squaw" was in the usual great Crandall style, but the Stoker plot wasn't that good. When comparing it to his "Dracula", it seems rather poor . . . "Early Warning" was good and the art rather different. "Scream Test" was lacking in plot, but had superb art, with the exception of the last panel . . . "Fear in Stone" had excellent art, and although the plot was obvious, it had me completely fooled . . . "Second Chance" was fabulous in art and plot. The main thing I find wrong with CREEPY is that I read it rather rapidly, and then have to wait another two months for it.

Patrick Draine
West Chelmsford, Mass.

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to:
CREEPY LETTERS, Dept. 14
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10017

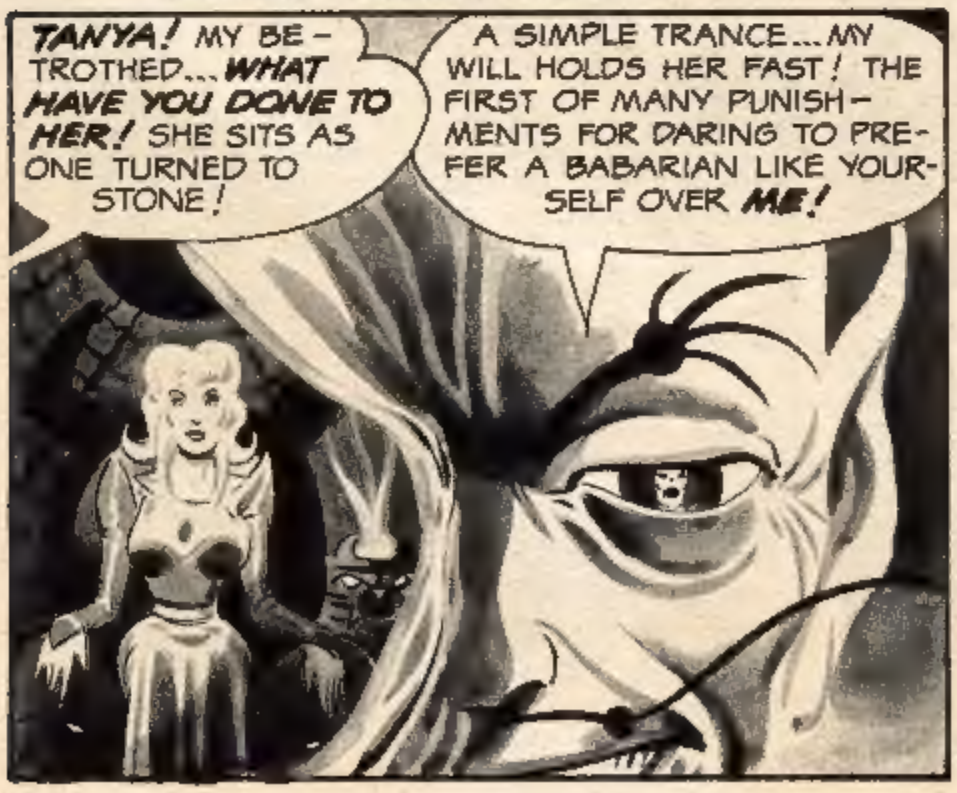
SWORD AND SORCERY TIME, FEAR FANATICS... LET'S TAKE A PULSATING PEEK JUST BEYOND RECORDED HISTORY TO A WORLD STILL PRIMITIVE BENEATH THE FIRST VENEER OF CIVILIZATION, A WORLD IN WHICH MOST ROADS LEAD INTO THE DARK AND GLOOMY UNKNOWN, THROUGH HOVERING TERRORS, TO THE PLACE...

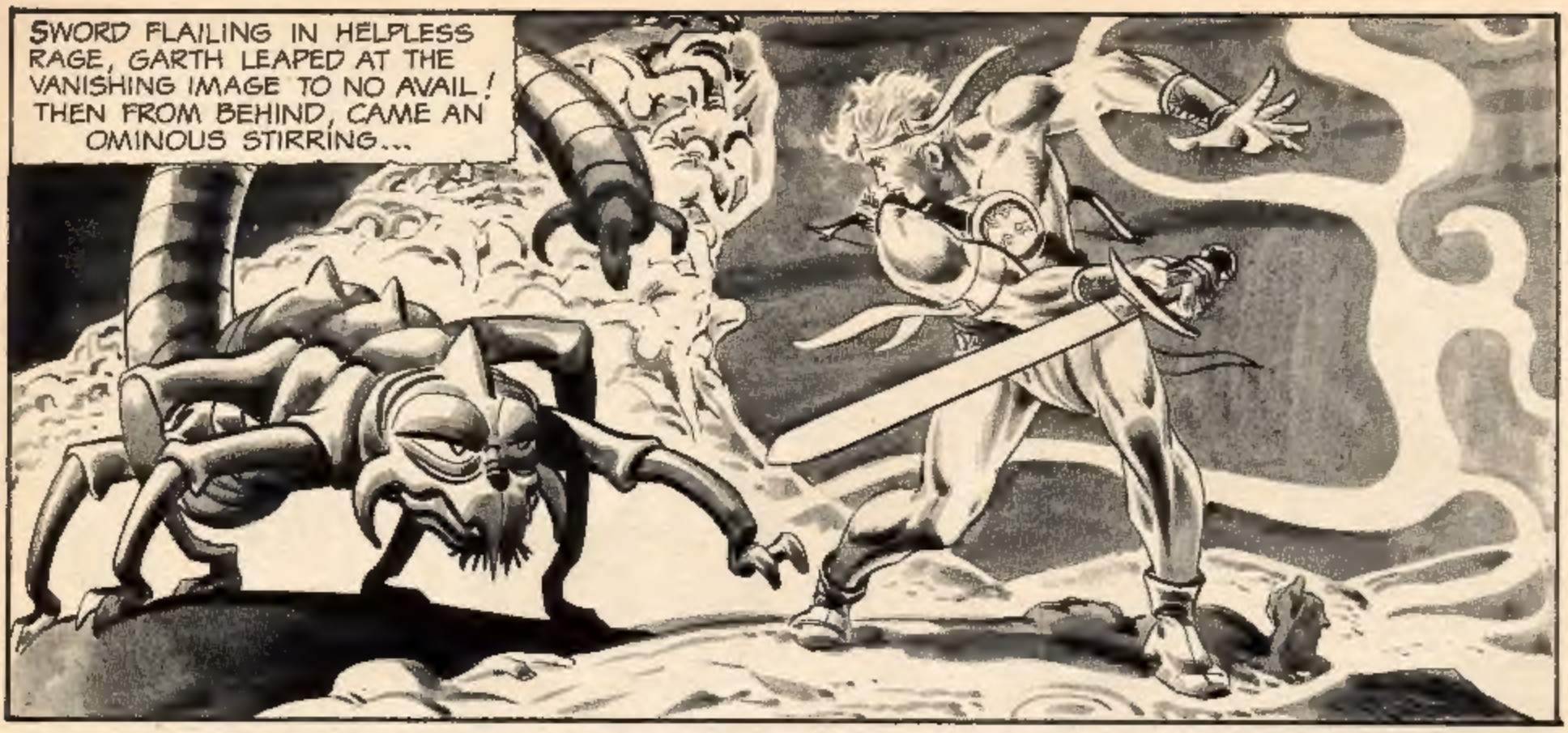
# WHERE SORCERY LIVES!



ART BY STEVE DITKO SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

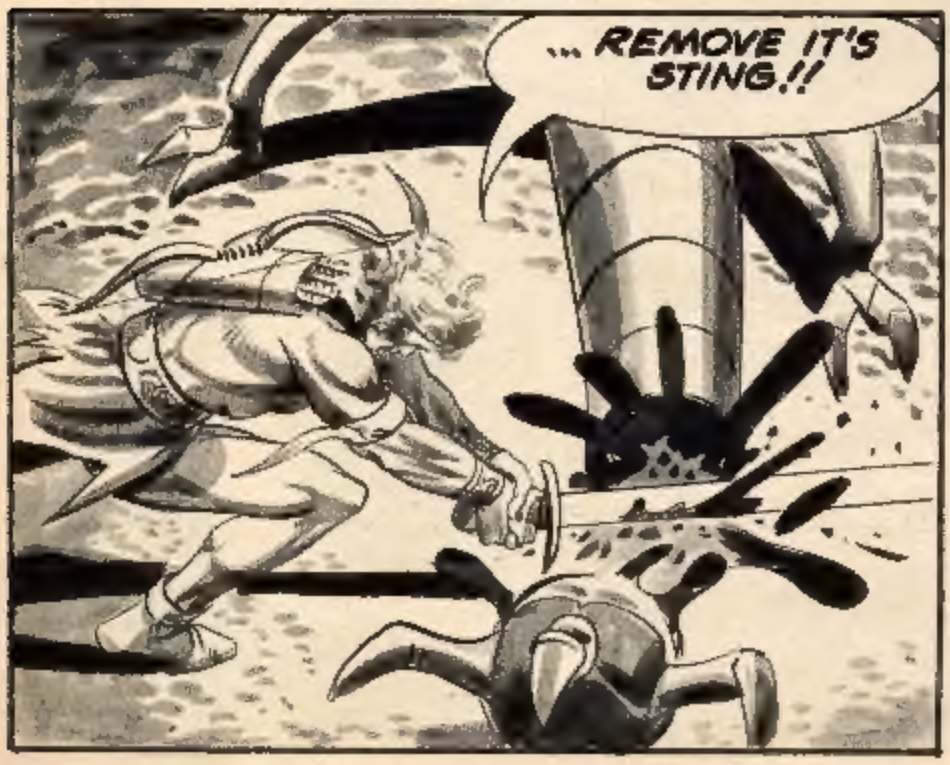
AT THE CONJURER'S GLOATING WORDS, THE SHIMMERING IMAGE HE PRESENTED BROADENED, AND TO GARTH'S HORROR HE SAW...






...AND ALL THE AGILITY IN HIS SEASONED WARRIOR'S BODY WAS SORELY TESTED BY THE VENOMOUS WHIPLASH SWIRLING ABOUT HIM!

HARD PRESSED, GARTH SIDE-STEPPED THE ATTACKING MONSTER AND SWUNG WITH ALL HIS MIGHT TO MEET THE THRASHING TAIL, GAMBLING TO STRIKE A JOINT....



SWORD DRIPPING BLOOD AND VENOM, GARTH WAVED IT IN THE MISTY AIR ABOUT HIM...

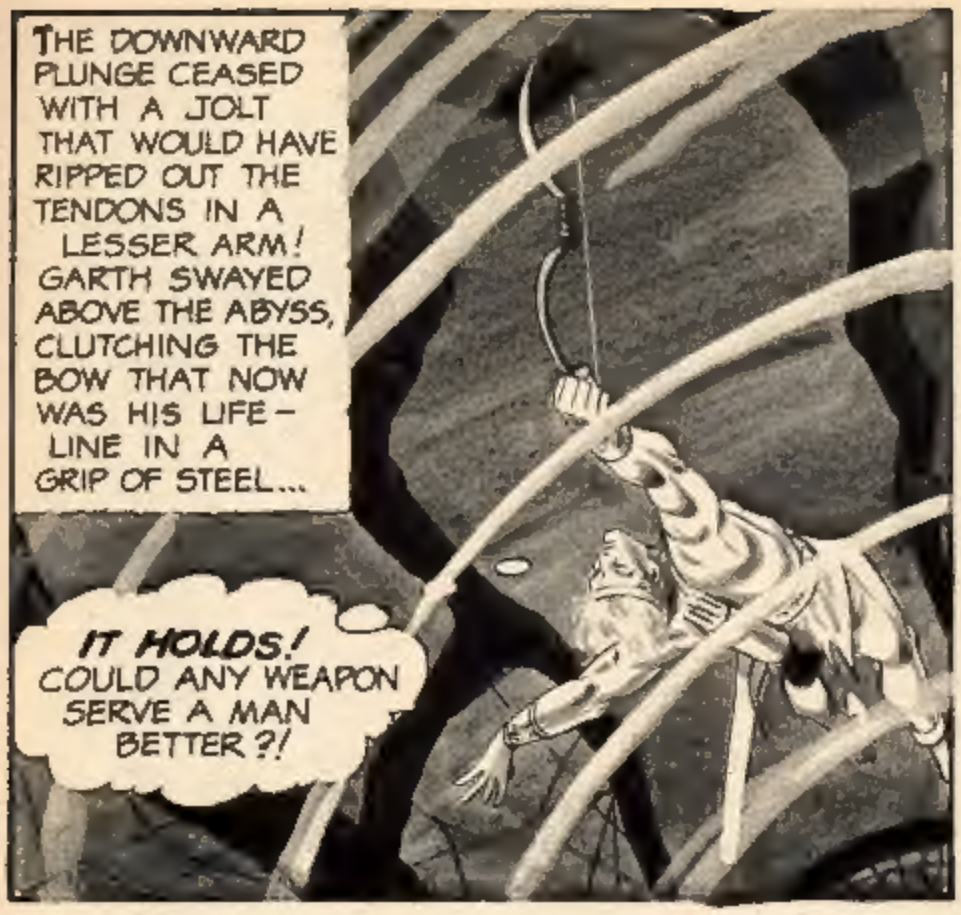
IMPUDENT SAVAGE! HIS BRAIN IS IN HIS SWORD ARM! PRESS ON, FOOL... YOU'VE HAD BUT A TASTE OF SALAMAND'S WIZARDRY!

YOU MARCH TOO QUICKLY, TOO CARELESSLY, GARTH... A STIRRING OF THESE WATERS WILL SHOW YOU THE ERROR OF SUCH RASHNESS...

CURSE SALAMAND AND HIS LAND! THE VERY ATMOSPHERE HANGS HEAVY WITH EVIL... THE FOG ENVELOPES LIKE A CLOAK OF WOOL! IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHERE THE NEXT STEP...

...LEADS!!

THE EARTH DISAPPEARED BENEATH HIM AND GARTH PLUNGED INTO SEEMINGLY BOTTOMLESS SPACE, LASHING OUT WITH ONE LAST DESPERATE MOVEMENT BEFORE A PLUNGE TO OBLIVION...
IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE! MY LIFE'S TIED TO THE STRENGTH OF THE BOWSTRING!


THE DOWNWARD PLUNGE CEASED WITH A JOLT THAT WOULD HAVE RIPPED OUT THE TENDONS IN A LESSER ARM! GARTH SWAYED ABOVE THE ABYSS, CLUTCHING THE BOW THAT NOW WAS HIS LIFE-LINE IN A GRIP OF STEEL...
IT HOLDS! COULD ANY WEAPON SERVE A MAN BETTER?!

HE CLIMBS UP FROM THE VERY BRINK OF DESTRUCTION! I'LL TOY NO MORE! LET GARTH FACE THE WINGED GUARDIAN OF SALAMAND'S STRONGHOLD!

CHEST HEAVING, MUSCLES ACHING, GARTH PAUSED IN HIS ASSAULT, WHEN THE WIND BROUGHT TERRIBLE SOUNDS TO MAKE EVERY NERVE ENDING TINGLE... THE LOW MOANING WAIL OF A DIVING OBJECT AND THE LEATHERY BEAT OF UNEARTHLY WINGS!
SALAMAND HURLS HIS GENERAL TO THE FIELD! THE SAME GRIM REAPER THAT HARVESTED DEATH TO MY VILLAGE!

BODILY HURT WAS SUBMERGED AS GARTH BECAME A MACHINE OF COMBAT, SENDING SHAFT AFTER SHAFT SKYWARD TO THE ON-RUSHING HORROR!
HELL'S OWN MONSTER! IF I DO NOTHING ELSE, LET ME LIVE TO SLAY YOU!

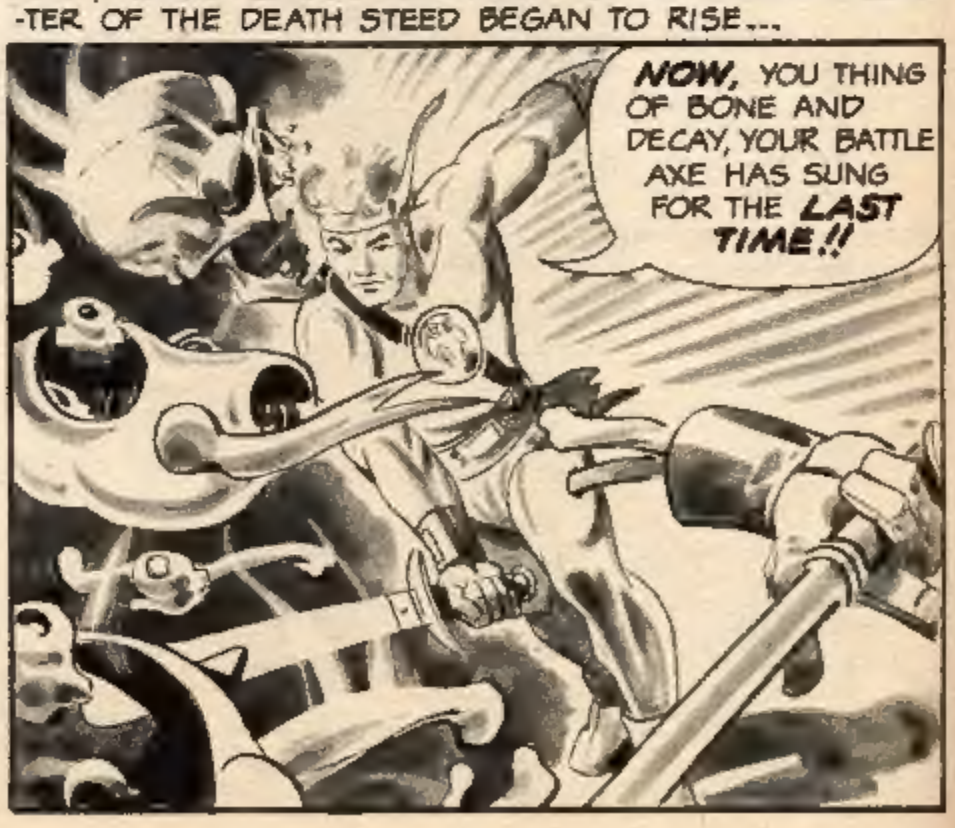
THE ARROWS ARE BUT PINPRICKS... I CANNOT STOP IT'S CHARGE!!

FOR THE SECOND TIME THE DEADLY AXE BLADE SLICED PAST GARTH, SO CLOSE AS TO SEND HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD FLYING, AS WITH A WILD CRY, ***HE LEAPED...***

THE WINGED MONSTER SHOT WILDLY THROUGH THE AIR, IT'S UGLY HEAD TURNED TO BITE AT THE UNWELCOMED RIDER, WHOSE FREE HAND THRUST FLASHING STEEL AT THE SCALY NECK...

BLACK BLOOD SPURTED AS THE SWORD WENT HOME AND WITH AN EAR-SHATTERING SCREECH, THE CREATURE PLUMMETED DOWNWARD...

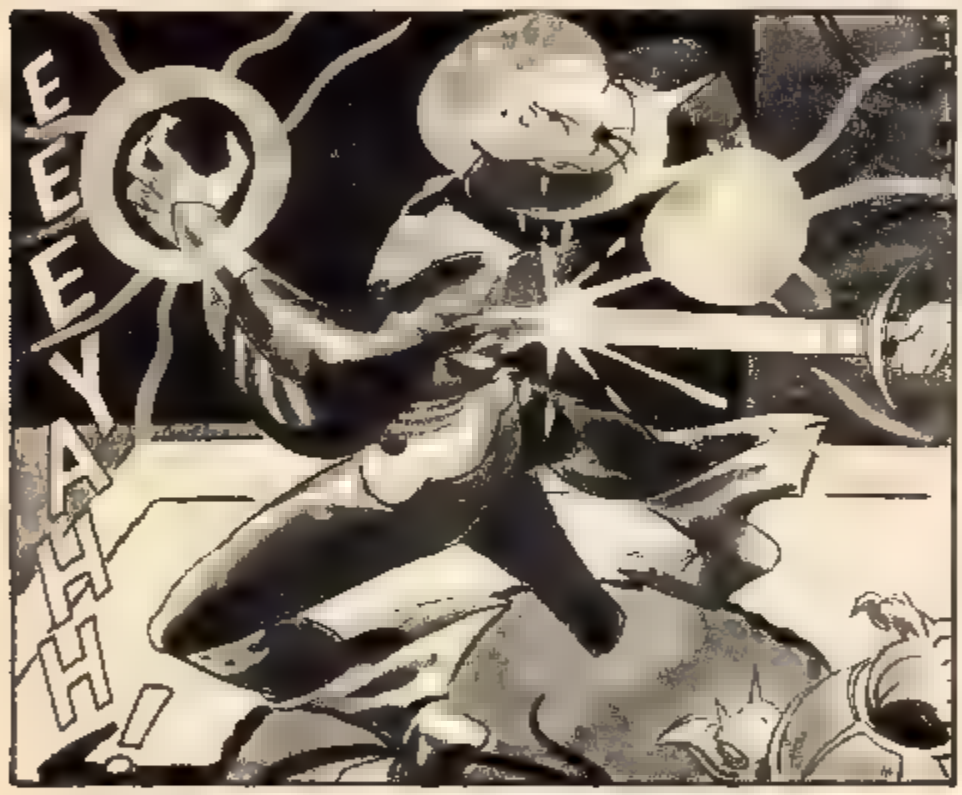
PUSHING HIS RESERVE OF STRENGTH TO IT'S VERY LIMIT, GARTH LEAPED FORWARD AS THE SKELETAL MAS--TER OF THE DEATH STEED BEGAN TO RISE...



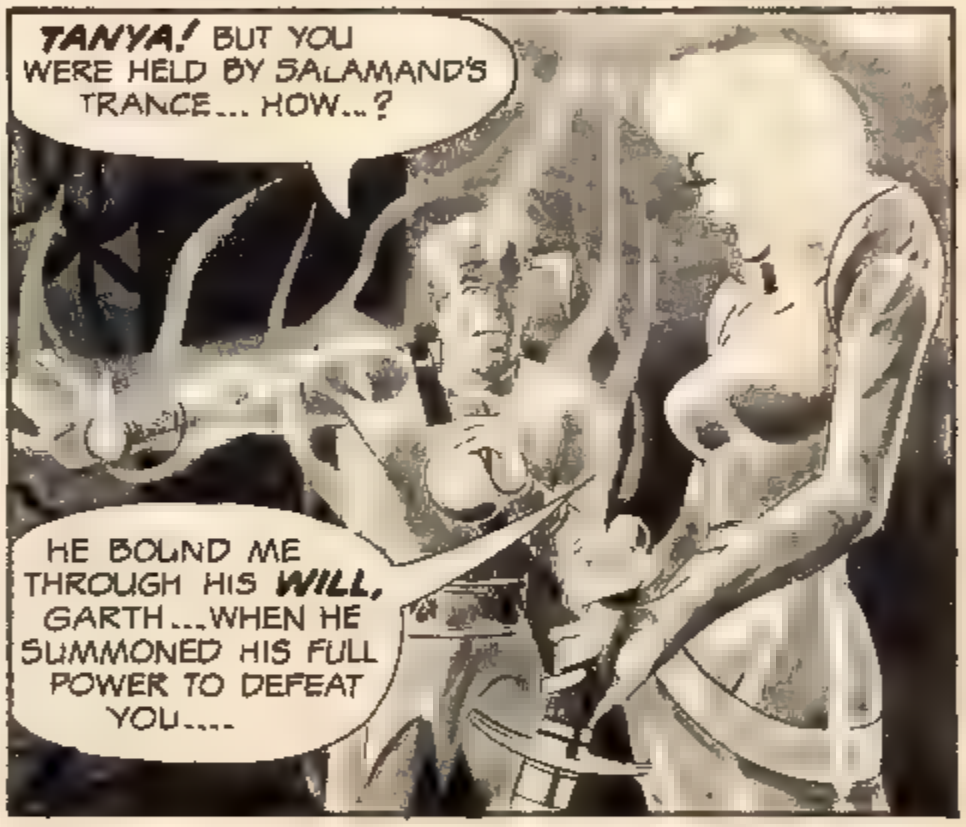
WITH LIMBS THAT SCREAMED TO COLLAPSE, GARTH PUSHED ON, DRUNK ON THE NEED FOR VENGEANCE.....

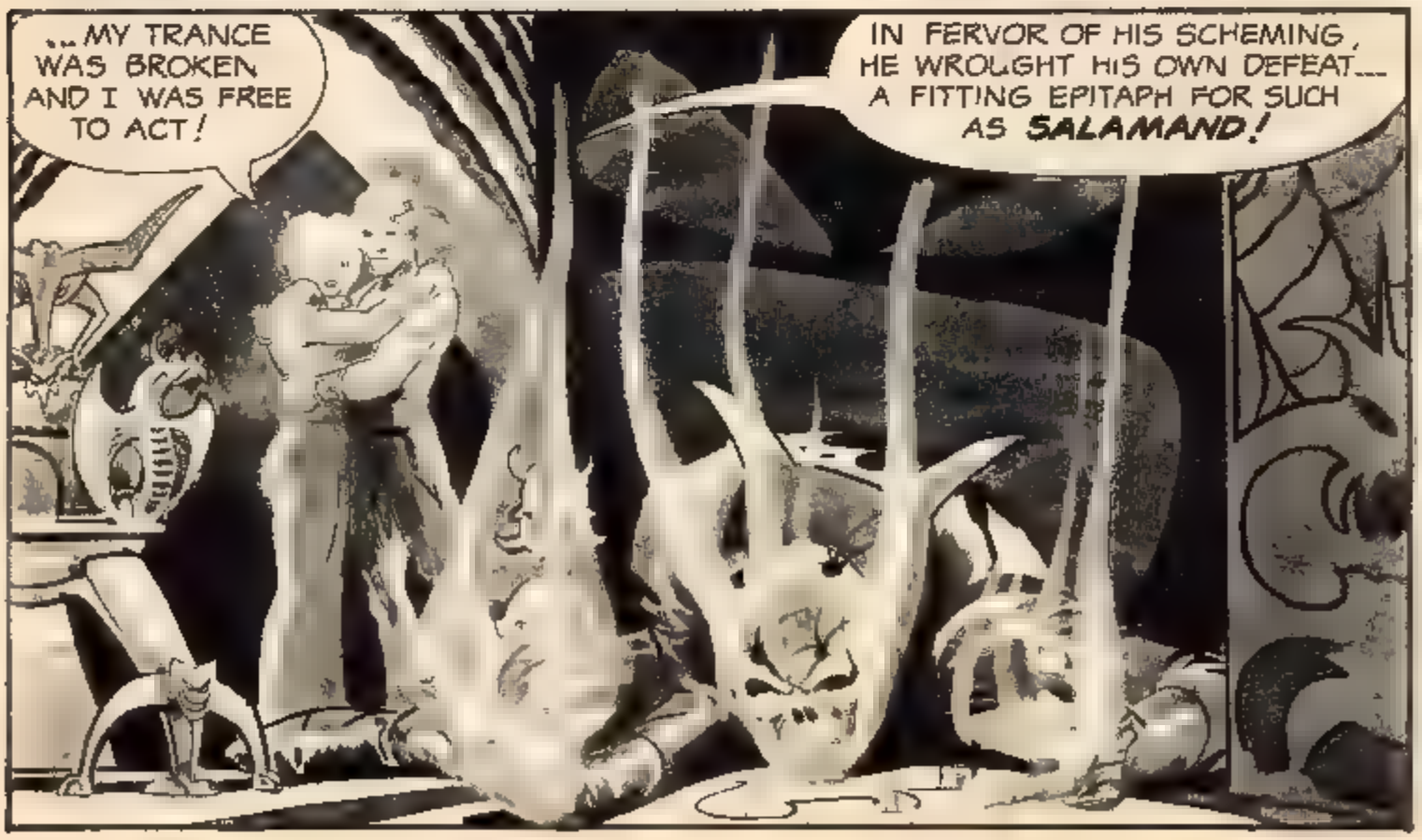
GARTH STUMBLED INTO THE WIZARD'S INNER-CHAMBER TO A NUMBING SIGHT.....

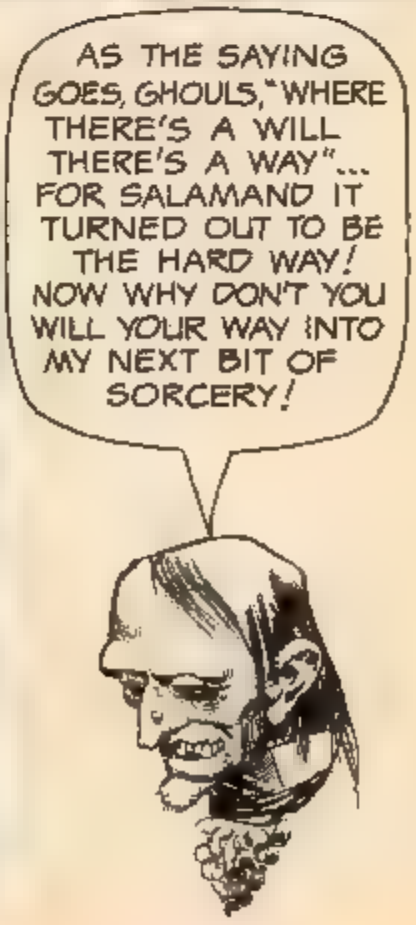
DARKNESS SURROUNDED GARTH AND HE FELT HIMSELF SINKING INTO OBLIVION...AS THOUGH HIS VERY ESSENCE WAS BEING TORN FROM HIS BODY...WHEN...




LIFE SEEMED TO FLOOD BACK INTO HIS WEAKENED BODY, HIS BLURRED VISION SLOWLY CLEARED...



THE CREEPY FAN CLUB? WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?!

FULL COLOR PORTRAIT IS GIANT-SIZED 8"x10"

## JUST WHAT ALL YOU L'IL DEMONS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!!

OOZE YOUR ORBS AROUND THE PAGE... IT CAN ALL BE YOURS! AN 8X10 ***FULL COLOR*** PORTRAIT OF YOUR FAVORITE FIEND, ***UNCLE CREEPY*** RICHLY RENDERED BY THAT MASTER OF THE MONSTROUS, ***FRENZIED FRANK FRAZETTA,*** SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, THE ***OFFICIAL CLUB PIN*** (SHOWN FULL-SIZE BELOW), ALSO FULL COLOR, STURDILY CONSTRUCTED (WARDS OFF WOODEN STAKES), AND THE POCKET-SIZE ***MEMBERSHIP CARD*** PRINTED ON STRONG HIGH-QUALITY PAPER STOCK (WON'T WRINKLE AS YOU BEND OVER A VICTIM), ALSO SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE! ONCE YOU GET THIS FEARFULLY FAB KIT, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE TO SUBMIT DRAWINGS AND STORIES FOR PRINTING IN THE ***FAN CLUB PAGE*** WHICH APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF ***CREEPY!*** SEND TODAY... BE ***HEAD HORROR*** ON YOUR BLOCK!

MEMBERSHIP CARD SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

FULL-COLOR PIN SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

SEND IN THIS COUPON!

CREEPY FAN CLUB ● 420 Lexington Avenue New York, New York 10017

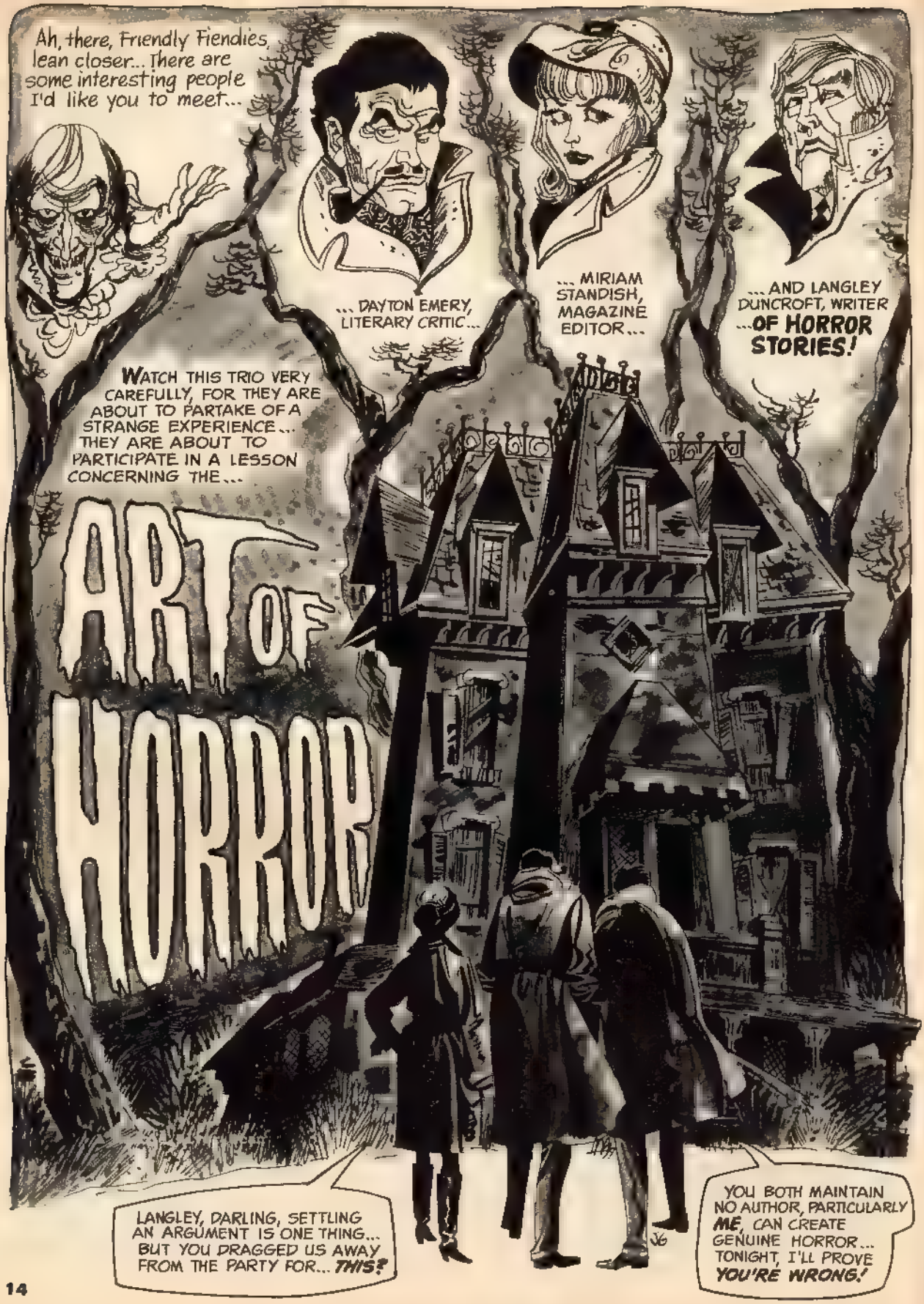
Here's my dollar for a lifetime membership in the most ghoulishly gear fan club going, which entitles me to a club pin, membership card, and full-color portrait of my favorite fiend, UNCLE CREEPY!

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

SEND IN THIS COUPON!






ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

WELCOME TO INVER HOUSE... *BLAST IT!* LIGHTS WERE WORKING YESTERDAY... WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH A CANDLE!

**INVER HOUSE?** W-WE RAN A FEATURE ON THIS PLACE ONCE... IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ... *HAUNTED!* THER'VE BEEN *MURDERS...*

YOU RENTED THIS WRECK, DUNCROFT? AS A SPOT TO WORK?

TO APPRECIATE HORROR, YOU HAVE TO EXPERIENCE IT... THE SUPERNATURAL ATMOSPHERE, THE BLOODY BACKGROUND OF THIS HOUSE INFILTRATES... INSPIRES ME! I HOPE IT'LL DO THE SAME FOR *YOU!*

ALL I'LL GET FROM THIS HOUSE IS A *COLD!* ISN'T THERE ANY HEAT?

THE LIBRARY'S THE ONLY ROOM I'VE HAD TIME TO FIX UP... YOU'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE THERE...

AND A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE WHILE YOU READ US YOUR LATEST OPUS!

NOT UNTIL WE HAVE SOME LIGHT! HANG ONTO THE CANDLE WHILE I RUN DOWN TO THE BASEMENT AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE FUSE BOX... UNLESS YOU'RE AFRAID TO STAY HERE?

GET ON WITH IT, DUNCROFT! THE SOONER WE HEAR YOUR SILLY STORY, THE SOONER WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE!

WISH HE'D HURRY, I KEEP THINKING OF WHAT I'VE READ ... UNEXPLAINED STABBINGS, SLAUGHTERINGS OVER THE YEARS ... IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME LIGHT...

I EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS! DUNCROFT'S JUST JUVENILE TO--

EEEEEEEE-YAHHHH

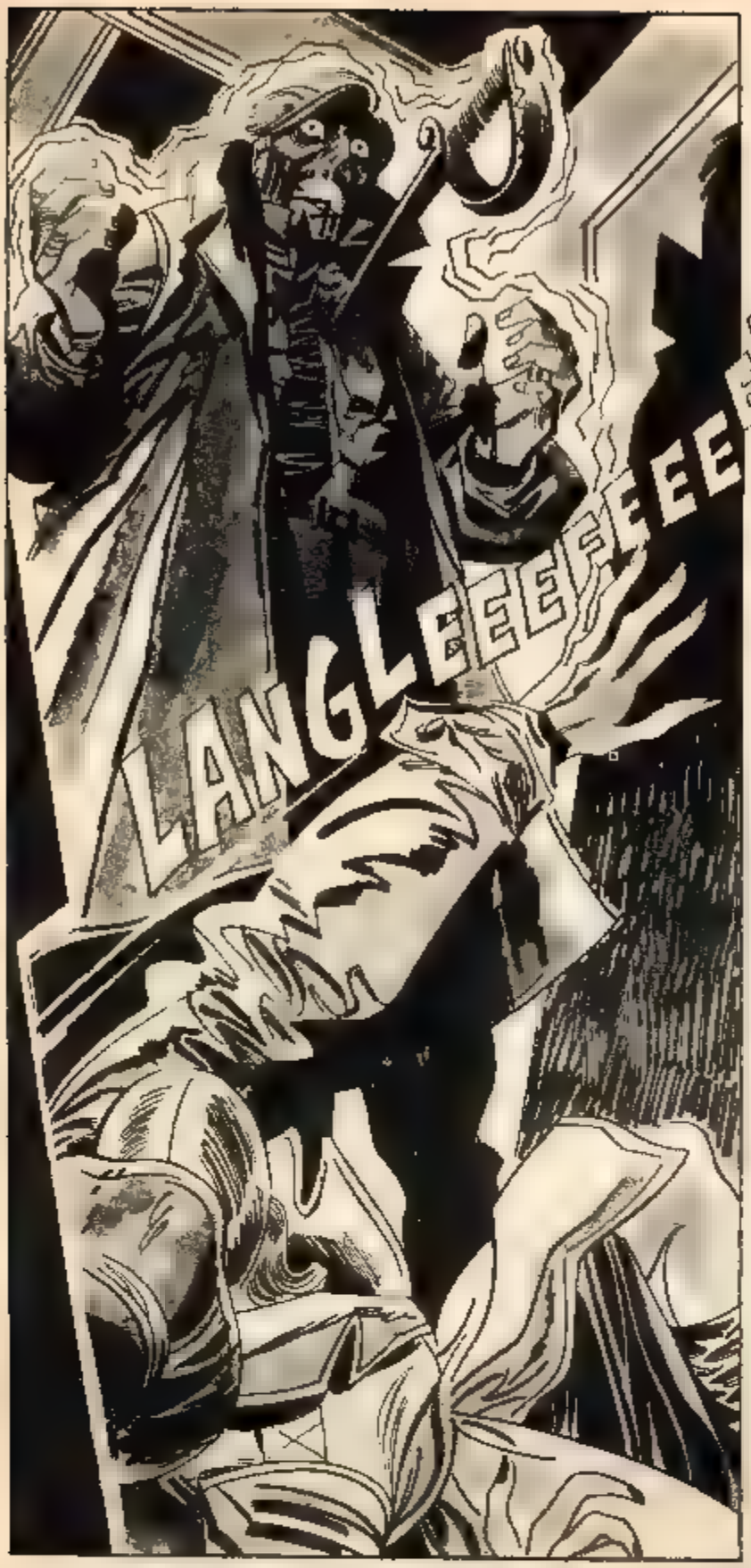
THAT NOISE! AFTER THE SCREAM IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE FALLING DOWNSTAIRS... LANGLEY MAY BE HURT...

OR PLAYING CHILDISH TRICKS TO SCARE US! I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK TO BE CERTAIN! SOUND CAME FROM THIS WAY..

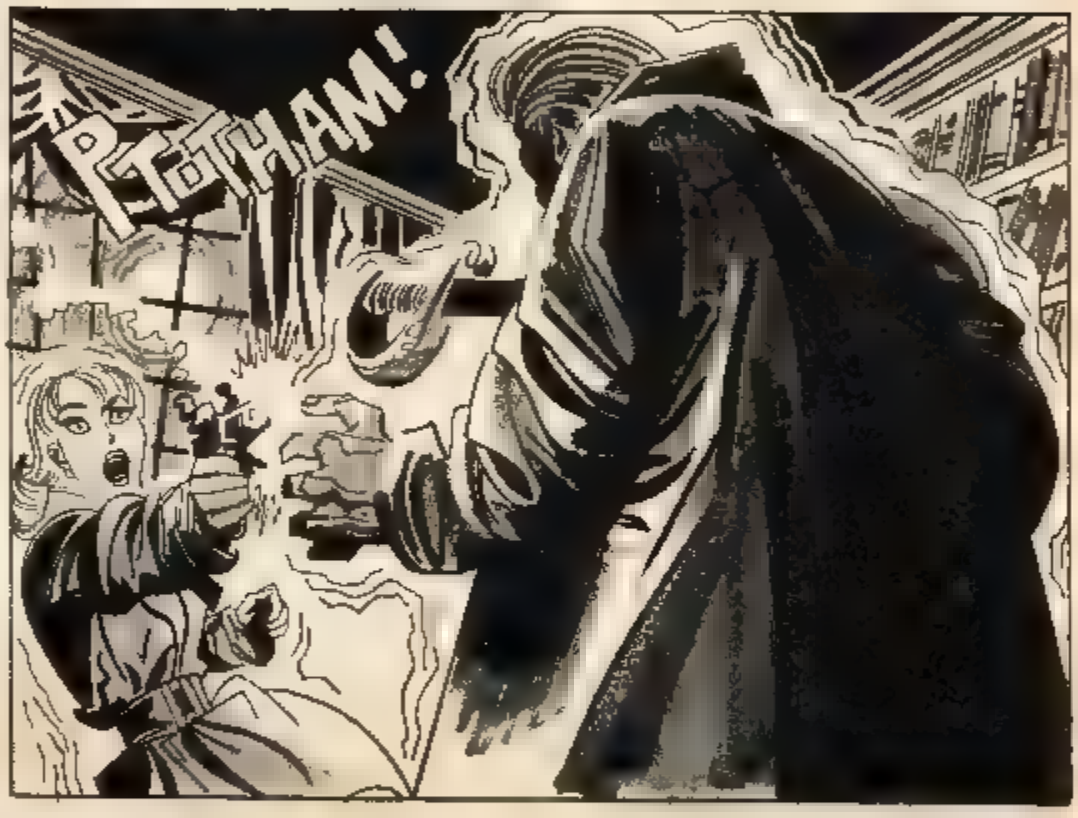
DAYTON EMERY LOWERED THE CANDLE THE ROTTING WOOD OF THE OLD STAIRS GLEAMED WITH BRIGHT SPOTS OF CRIMSON...

BREATH NOW COMING IN SHORTER, HEAVIER GASPS, THEY MOVED INTO THE CHILL DANKNESS OF THE CELLAR BELOW, BRUSHING PAST COBWEBS AND NITRATE DEPOSITS COLLECTED FOR DECADES..

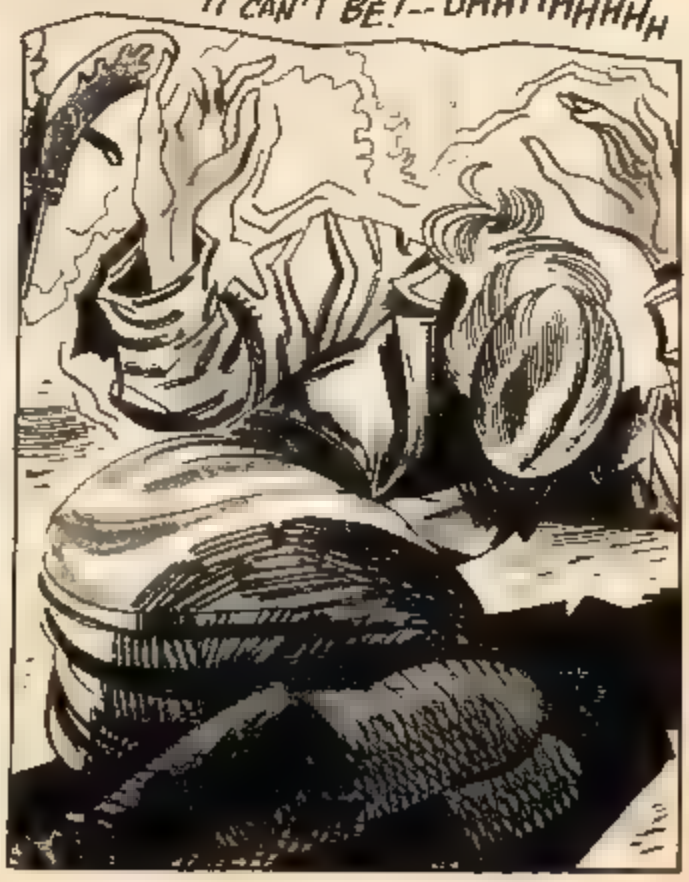
NO! NO! NOOOOOOOOOO!
MIRIAM! DON'T.... THE CANDLE!
THE CELLAR'S MOLD AND DECAY VANISHED INTO PITCH BLACKNESS AS MIRIAM PLUNGED INTO HYSTERICAL FLIGHT. EMERY FELL TO HIS KNEES, SUDDENLY WITHOUT DIRECTION OR BEARING...
CAN'T FIND THE CANDLE... COULDN'T HAVE ROLLED FAR... GOT TO FIND IT... GOT TO---
WHAT'S THAT! IS SOMEONE MOVING? LANGLEY... CURSE YOU, DUNCROFT! ARE YOU PLAYING TRICKS AFTER ALL... PLEASE... FOR GOD'S SAKE... WHO... WHO...
MIRIAM FLED ALONG THE HALLWAY'S SINISTER CONFINES UNTIL WITH POUNDING HEART SHE BURST INTO THE LIBRARY ONLY TO FREEZE IN SHOCK AS UP FROM THE BOWELS OF THE HOUSE CAME DAYTON EMERY'S TORTURED SHRIEK...
AAAAAARRRGGHHHHHHHHH
LONG MOMENTS PASSED AS SHE STOOD ROOTED IN TERROR, NOT DARING TO THINK OR BREATHE... FAR AWAY CAME A SHUFFLING SOUND, THEN THE CREAK OF WARPED BOARDS IN THE HALLWAY...
RELENTLESSLY THE SOUND MOVED STEADILY CLOSER, GROWING TERRIBLY LOUDER, UNTIL, WITH A RUSTY SCREECH FROM THE HINGES, THE LIBRARY DOOR SWUNG OPEN.
SOMEONE. S-SOMETHING... IS COMING... THIS WAY
NO NO
PLEASE NO




SLOWLY, THE TERRIBLE APPARITION BEGAN TO SHUFFLE FORWARD, GLAZED EYES OF DEATH BURNING INTO MIRIAM'S OWN ...




THE DARKRIMMED EYES DID NOT BLINK THE GROTESQUE FRAME DID NOT SHUDDER... THE THING THAT HAD BEEN LANGLEY DUNCROFT CONTINUED ON ITS HORRIBLE COURSE, UNHURT...

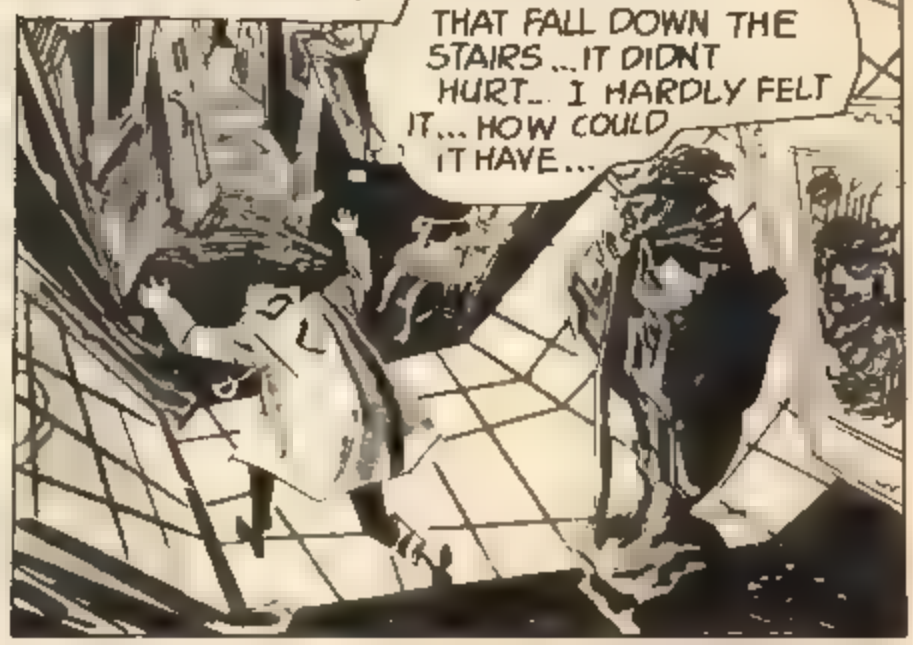


**BEAUTIFUL!** FROM THIS FAKE SWORD TO TAKING THE LEAD OUT OF THE PISTOLS... **THEY FELL FOR IT!** LIKE A COUPLE OF HYSTERICAL KIDS!

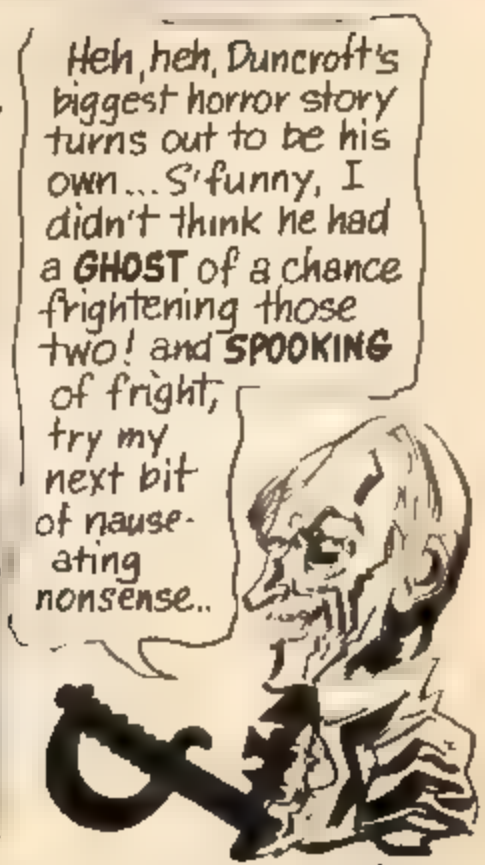
THOUGHT I'D BLOWN IT WHEN I TOOK THE TUMBLE DOWN THOSE @#$%!! BASEMENT STAIRS... LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO GO ON!

BETTER BRING MIRIAM AROUND THAN GO DOWN AND REVIVE EMERY... WHAT A LAUGH! DESPITE ALL THEIR KNOW-IT-ALL DOUBTS, I SHOCKED THEM INTO DEAD FAINTS! THEY'LL NEVER DOUBT MY ABILITY TO CREATE HORROR AFTER **THIS!**

A CHILL BEYOND THE COLD OF THE OLD HOUSE, BEYOND THE COLD OF HIS OWN FEAR GRIPPED LANGLEY DUNCROFT... HE FLED DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARD THE BASEMENT STAIRS, NOT WANTING TO FIND THE ANSWER HE KNEW HAD TO BE THERE...




THE ANSWER THAT DUNCROFT HAD SHOWN MIRIAM AND EMERY MORE HORROR THAN EVEN HE'D INTENDED. HE HAD SHOWN THEM A **REAL GHOST... HIS OWN...**



# Now! The most CREEPY and EERIE masks ever!

SENSATIONALLY REALISTIC!
**UNCLE CREEPY MASK**
DeLuxe Model

You screamed for it -and here they are! Custom masks modeled after your favorite fearmakers UNCLE CREEPY and COUSIN EERIE. Created exclusively for us by Don Post Studios, these extra heavy rubber masks are hand-colored and designed to cover the ENTIRE HEAD and still be flexible. Why just read about these two MERRY MONSTERS when you can actually BE them in these weirdly wonderful masks! Send in the coupon below NOW for your crawly collector's item!

WEIRDLY LIFE-LIKE!
**COUSIN EERIE MASK**
DeLuxe Model

SEND TO: CREEPY-EERIE MASKS, Dept. 510 – 414
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose $.....

- ☐ Fabulous CREEPY Mask ($4.95 plus 25c postage & handling)
- ☐ Super Fantastic DeLuxe Model CREEPY Mask, with real hair. It's almost alive!! ($14.95 plus 75c for postage & handling)
- ☐ Fiendish EERIE Mask ($4.95 plus 25c postage & handling)
- ☐ Super Terrific DeLuxe Model EERIE Mask, with real hair. It's almost alive!! ($14.95 plus 75c for postage & handling)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP CODE.....

# THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

## VENUS FLY TRAP

**A BEAUTIFUL PLANT!** The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

**EATS FLIES AND INSECTS!** Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut. Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and pretty awaits another insect!

**FEED IT RAW BEEF!** If there are no insects in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

**EASY TO GROW!** The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only $1.00

**ADMIRED BY CHARLES DARWIN FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER**

In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote, "This plant commonly called 'Venus Fly Trap' from the rapidity and force of its movements is one of the most wonderful in the world. It is surprising how a slightly damp bit of meat will produce these effects. It seems hardly possible, and yet it is certainly a fact."

No Canadian Orders—U.S. Only

## $1.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!

Unwary insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at, but will NOT bite off! more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days after eating an insect it will reopen for more food.

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. 510 414
P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

- ☐ Enclosed is $1.00 plus 25c for handling & mailing for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!!
- ☐ Enclosed is $1.75 plus 25c handling & mailing for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

NOW FRENZIED FOLLOWERS LET ME GET YOU A TABLE DOWN FRONT FOR MY NEXT BIT OF GHOULISHNESS AU GO GO WHICH I CALL

# SNAKES ALIVE!

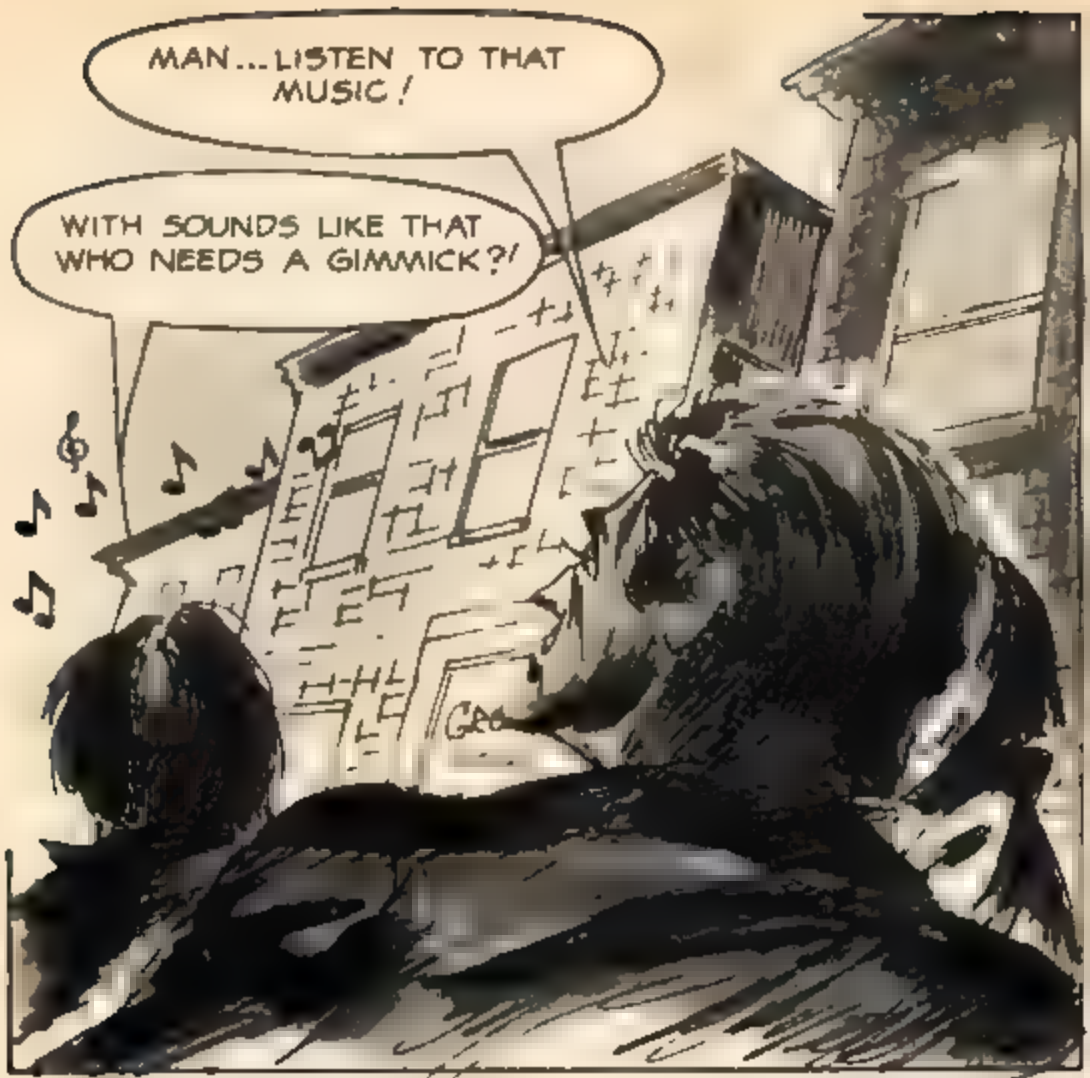
NO TRANSACTION CAN BE STATED BETTER IN THESE SCREENS LET'S GO FOR HOME AND ARCH THE MONKEES

MAN WE'RE OVER OUT THERE ANOTHER SET LIKE THAT AND I'LL ROCK MY GUITAR AND GO BACK TO THE SHOE STORE!

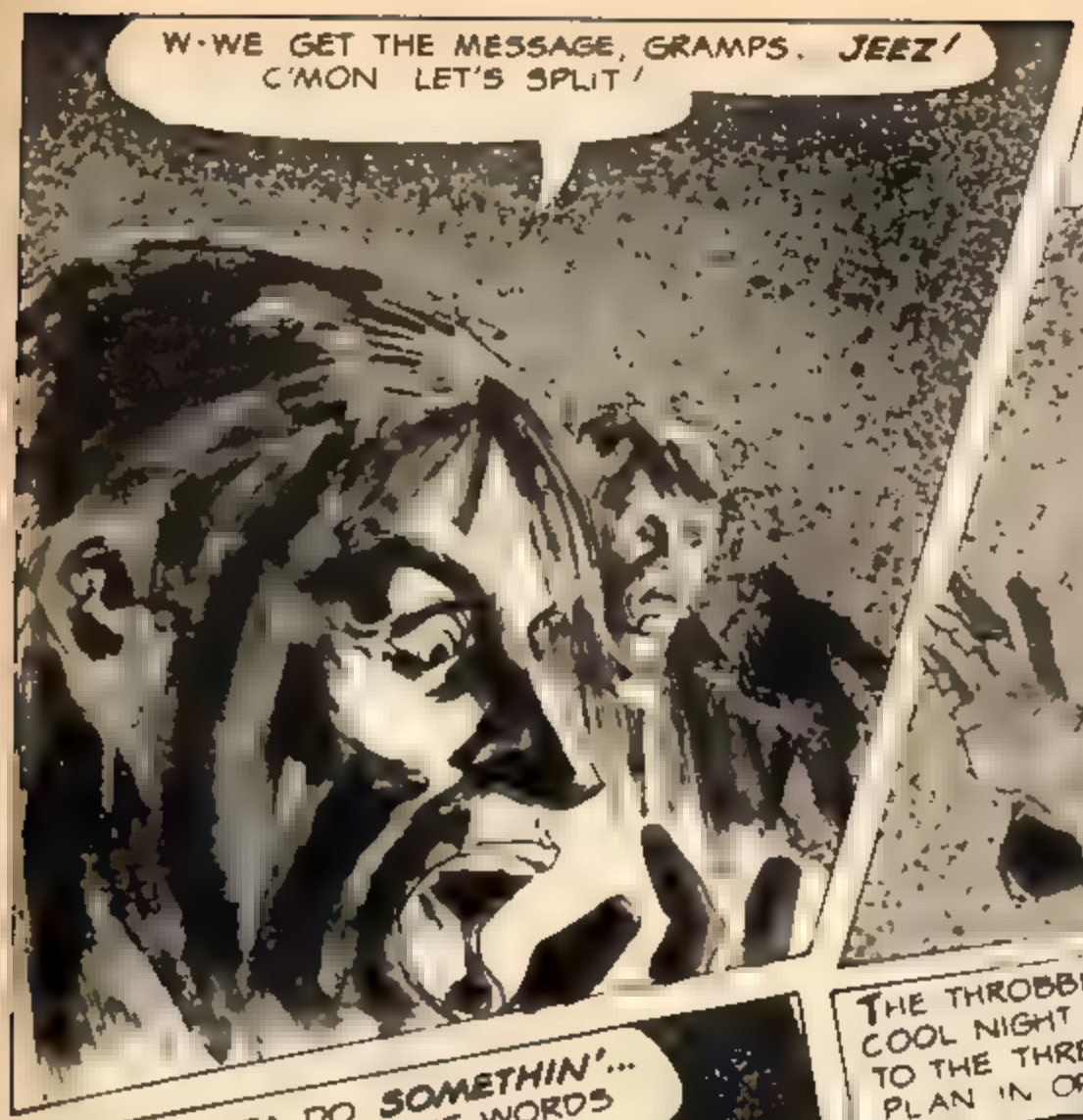
IF WE DON'T GET A NEW IMAGE WE'RE SUNK

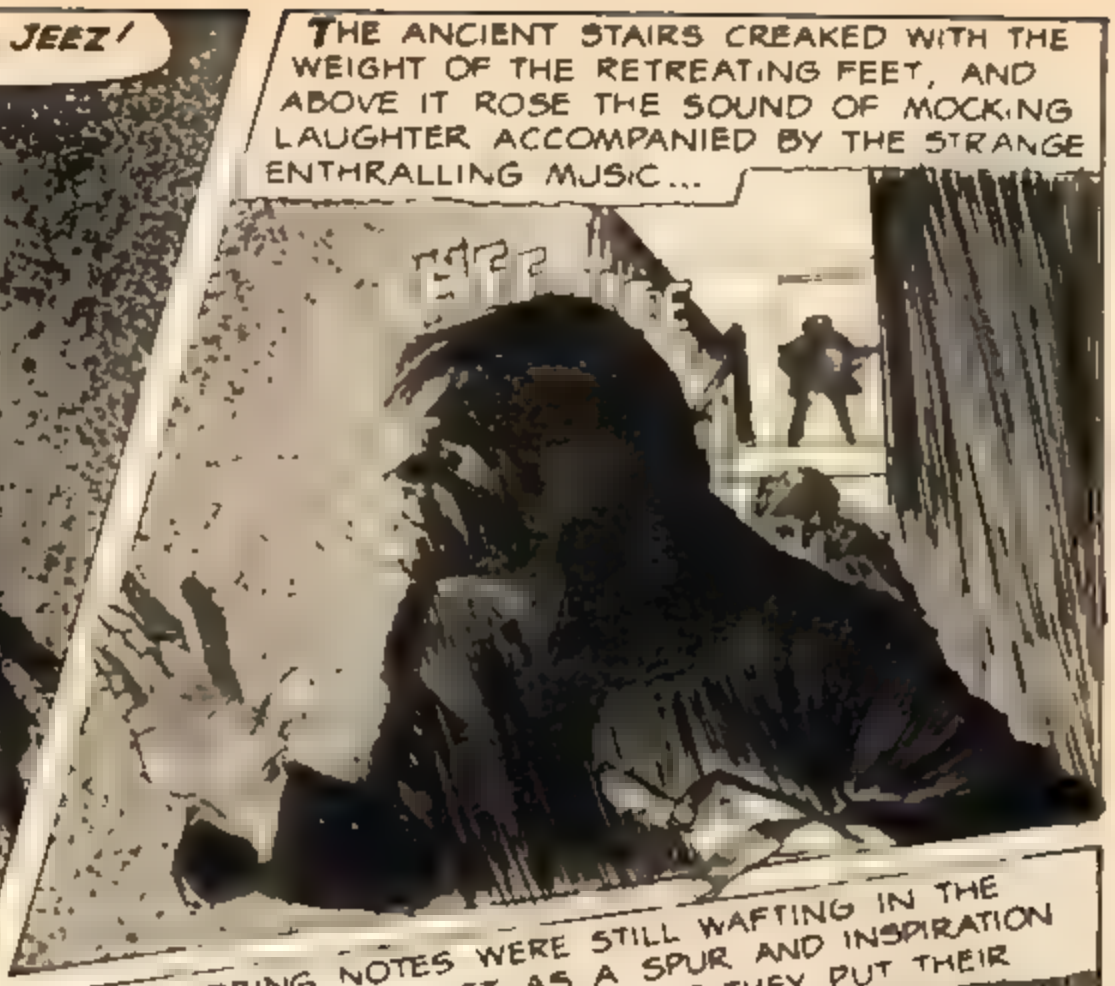
YEAH BUT ALL THE GIMMICKS HAVE BEEN TAKEN UP

[illegible] CASTE [illegible] BY CLARK DIMOND & JOHN BENSON

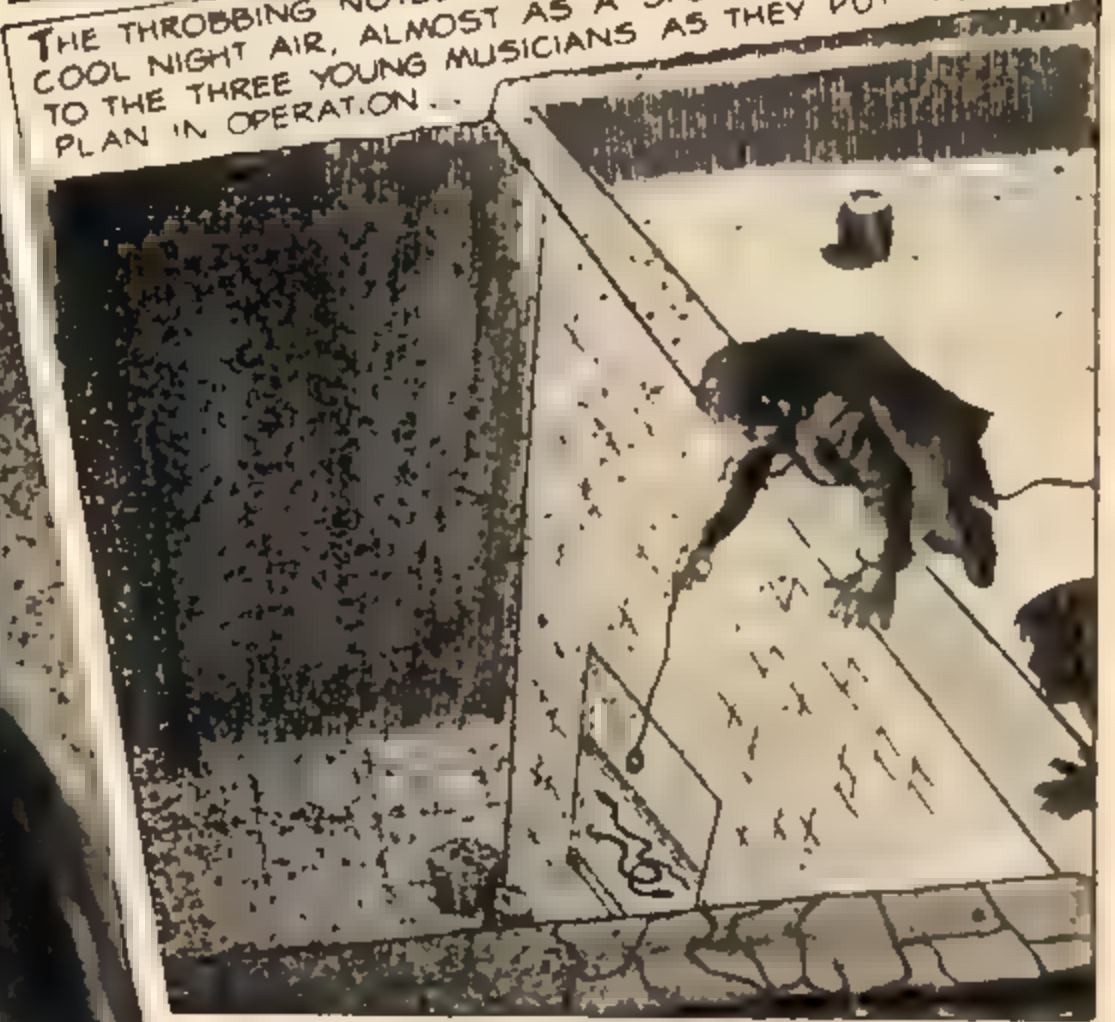


DRAWN BY THE HAUNTING AND SAVAGE STRAINS, THE DESPERATE TRIO RUSHED TO IT'S SOURCE....


W-WE GET THE MESSAGE, GRAMPS. JEEZ! C'MON LET'S SPLIT!

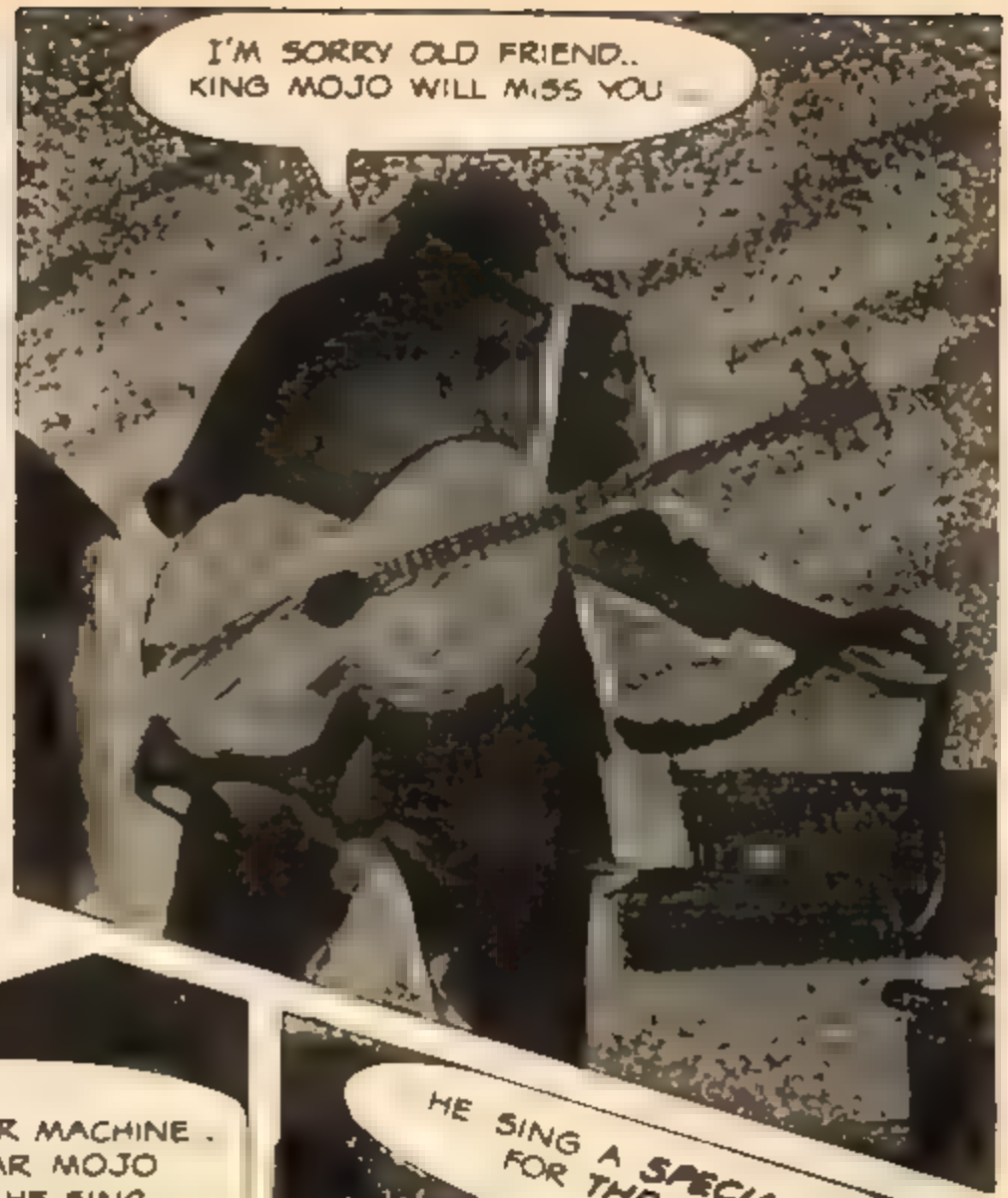

THE ANCIENT STAIRS CREAKED WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE RETREATING FEET, AND ABOVE IT ROSE THE SOUND OF MOCKING LAUGHTER ACCOMPANIED BY THE STRANGE ENTHRALLING MUSIC...

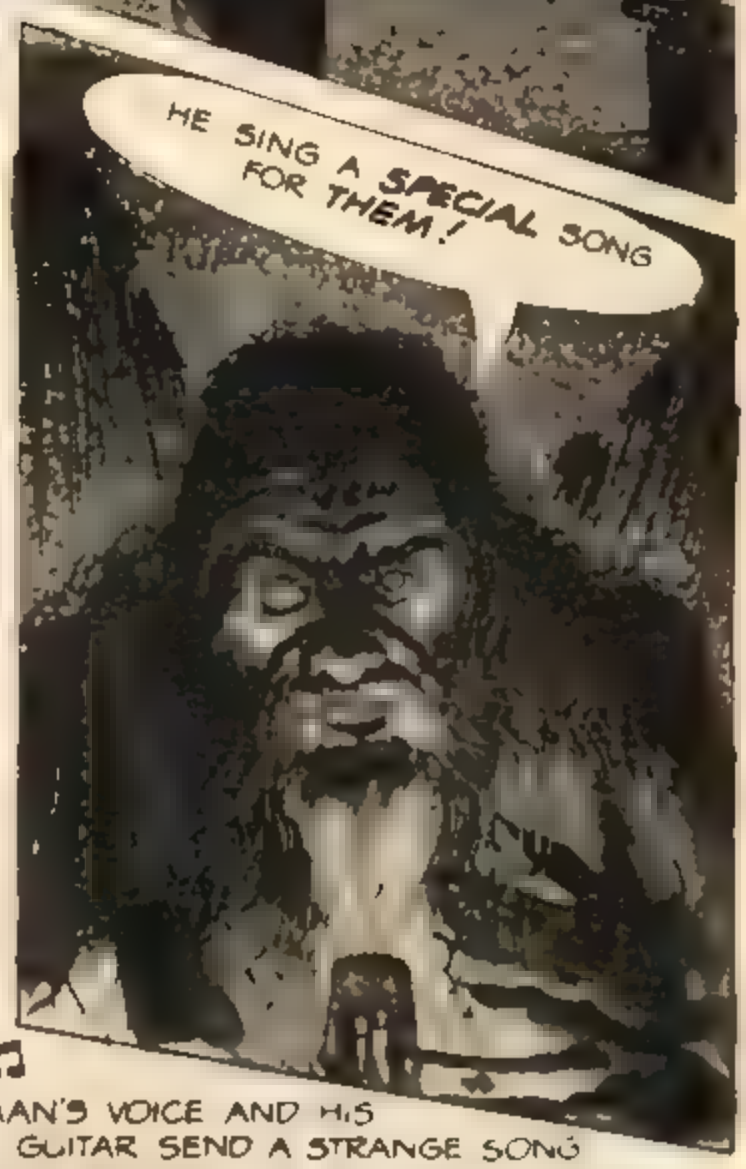
WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'... I CAN'T PICK UP THE WORDS FROM HERE!
AND I CAN'T HEAR THE CHORDS - HEY! LET'S GRAB THE TAPE RECORDER AT THE CLUB WE CAN GET UP ON THE ROOF EASY ENOUGH..


THE THROBBING NOTES WERE STILL WAFTING IN THE COOL NIGHT AIR, ALMOST AS A SPUR AND INSPIRATION TO THE THREE YOUNG MUSICIANS AS THEY PUT THEIR PLAN IN OPERATION...

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY, MY FRIEND? VISITORS... AGAIN?

WHY'D THE OLD GUY STOP?
WAIT... HE'S PLAYING AGAIN NOW...
HEY... SOMETHIN'S MOVIN' THE WIRE .....
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
GNY
HHHHHHH!!

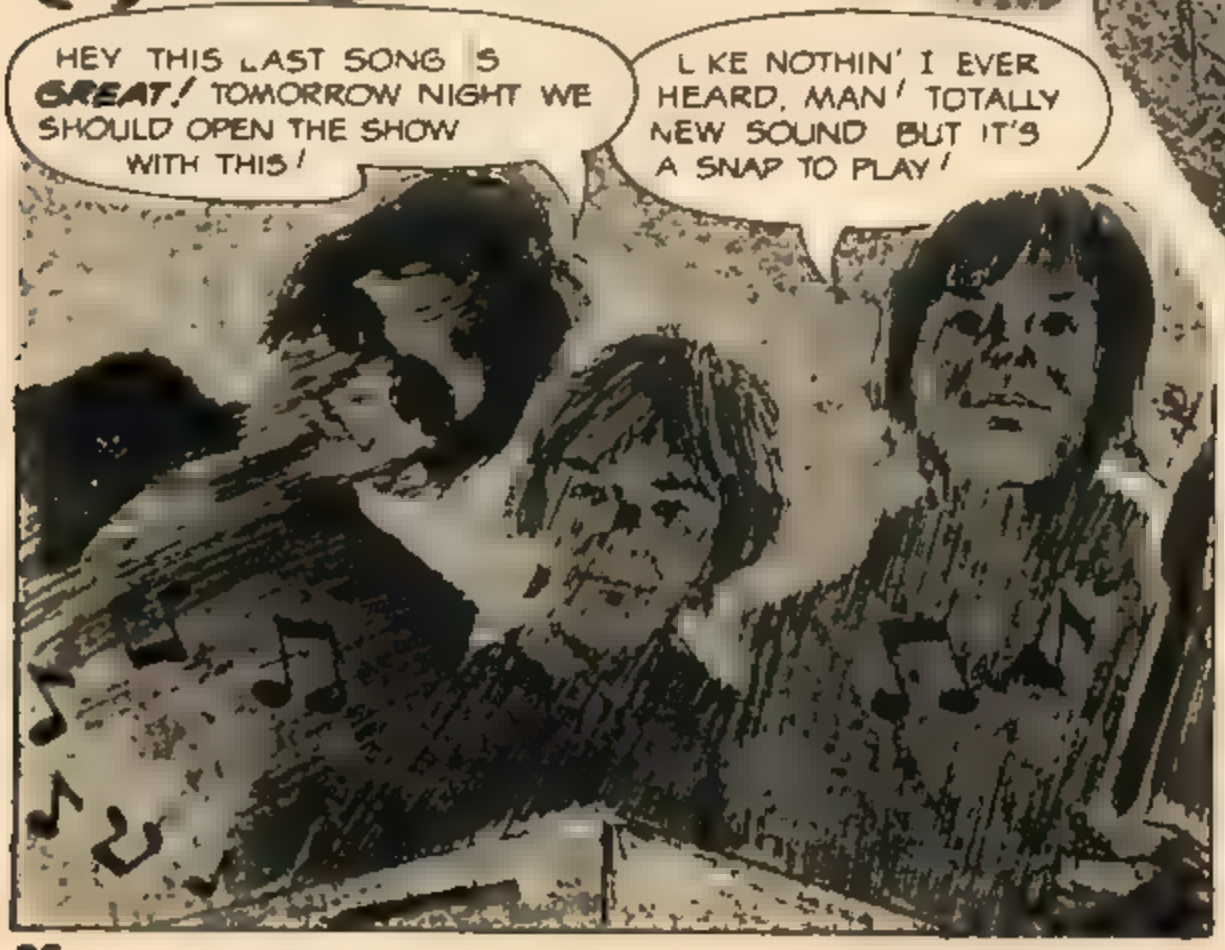


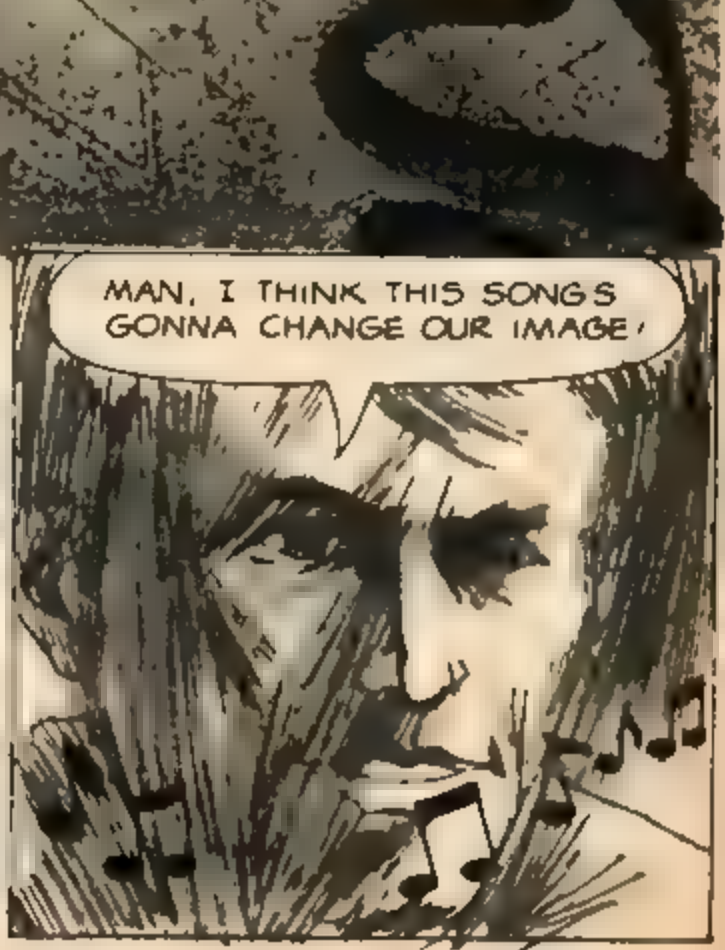



AGAIN THE OLD MAN'S VOICE AND HIS DEFTLY STRUMMED GUITAR SEND A STRANGE SONG INTO THE NIGHT MORE VIBRANT AND INTENSE THAN BEFORE AS THE TAPE RECORDER REELS TURN SLOWLY ROUND AND AROUND

LOOK, WE GOTTA GET THE RECORDER BACK...THE BOSS'LL STRIP HIS GEARS IF HE MISSES IT!
AND WE NEED THE MUSIC EVEN MORE THAN THE MACHINE!
AH YES MY FRIENDS...THOSE WHO STEAL MOJO'S MUSIC MUST LEARN WHAT HIS SONGS REALLY ARE!

FORTIFIED WITH A SENSE OF NEED MORE DESPERATE THAN THEIR FEAR, THE TRIO RETURNED TO THE TENEMENT ROOF...
WE'RE LUCKY HE DIDN'T TAKE IT OR SMASH IT
NO PHILOSOPHY MAN JUST GRAB IT AND LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!


HEY THIS LAST SONG IS GREAT! TOMORROW NIGHT WE SHOULD OPEN THE SHOW WITH THIS!
LIKE NOTHIN' I EVER HEARD, MAN! TOTALLY NEW SOUND BUT IT'S A SNAP TO PLAY!


MAN, I THINK THIS SONG'S GONNA CHANGE OUR IMAGE!

THE NEXT NIGHT, THEY CONFIDENTLY FACE A NEW AUDIENCE...

WE GOT A NEW SOUND TONIGHT, SHOULD REALLY TEAR YOU UP.... WAIT'LL YOU DIG IT!

THE WEIRD, PRIMITIVE SOUND BOOMS OUT THROUGH THE TRIO'S AMPLIFICATION SYSTEM, IT'S STRANGE NOTES ECHOING THROUGHOUT THE DINGY CLUB AND BACK TO THEM AGAIN, GRADUALLY WEAVING A MAGIC OF THEIR OWN...

UNTIL AT LAST, THE OVERPOWERING RHYTHM REACHES IT'S CRESCENDO...

EE EE EE EE EE

*WHAT'S HAPPENING? I-IT'S HORRIBLE... THEY'RE CHANGING! INTO... INTO...*

IN HIS DINGY TENEMENT ROOM, THE OLD MAN STOPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS PLAYING AND LOOKED UP AT THE SCRAMBLING NOISE FROM THE STAIRS, AS THREE REPTILIAN FORMS SLITHERED IN, HE SMILED...

I TOLD YOU MOJO PLAYS ONLY FOR HIS FRIENDS...NOW YOU ARE MOJO'S FRIENDS, AND WILL LISTEN *ALWAYS!*

WELL, READERS I HOPE THIS TUNEFUL LITTLE TERROR TALE STRIKES THE RIGHT NOTE WITH YOU...BUT IF MOJO'S MUSIC DOESN'T SEND YOU, PERHAPS MY NEXT HORROR HIT WILL!

**Flash your Fan Club Card to the werewolf at the door and descend down the dismal depths into the dungeon, slaymates . . . IT'S CREEPY FAN CLUB TIME!**

As usual, the first incredible item on our acidic agenda is the customary biography of one of our ghoulish greats and this month, we're happy to feature . . . NO, NO! I CAN'T DO IT! N-not HIM! Even I can't bear the terrible truth . . . Warren PROMISED me this would never happen! That fearful form pictured below (in one of his more modish attires) is ARCHIE GOODWIN (I'm not certain which head is the real one . . . Maybe, neither)!!

In Menahga, Minnesota on June 17, 1927 was born a boy who was destined to become one of the biggest names in the comics field today, admired for both his art and writing abilities. That boy was WALLY WOOD . . . Unfortunately, this biography is concerned with Archie Goodwin who was born in Kansas City, Missouri on September 8th, 1937.

To protect friends, relatives, and innocent bystanders, we will gloss over his misspent childhood and find him again in his misspent youth, a high school student in Tulsa, Oklahoma, enmeshed in a warped life of collecting comics (mostly the EC brand) and furthering cartoonist ambitions by tracing Draw Me-ads from the backs of magazines. As both his writing and drawing abilities increased, he became a contributor of both art and articles to HOOHAH, one of the earliest successful fanzines, which even today is still highly thought of by at least two or three people (All former contributers). Years later, people were to say of Archie's HOOHAH work: "Huh?"

Undaunted, Ghastly Goodwin struck out for New York and further art training at School of Visual Arts (formerly Cartoonists and Illustrators School), where, upon showing his portfolio, they let him attend anyway. During the three year course, Archie became acquainted with such familiar names as Lary Ivie, Al Williamson, Angelo Torres, Bill Pearson, Gray Morrow and Leroy Gangursky (Leroy Gangursky?). It was also while in art school that he sold his first comic script which appeared in Harvey comics' "Alarming Tales", a sci fi story illustrated by Crandall and Williamson. But for the most part, the comics industry was dead at this time, and Archie drifted into layout and design work, winding up in the art department of Redbook magazine where he picked up some of the design skills you see applied on our eye-catching covers (He also picked up some art supplies which they made him put back).

Thanks to Al Williamson's recommendation, Archie got the opportunity to work with strip cartoonist-writer Leonard Starr, assisting with the writing of "On Stage". In addition to which he retained the Redbook position and turned out a monthly cartoon feature for Fishing World magazine (which he later abandoned on learning the pay was in live bait rather than money). At this peak productive period, our hero was drafted and spent two years in Petersburg, Virginia, scene of much heavy fighting (fortunately, the fighting took place during the Civil War). Rising to the rank of sergeant, Archie was still not overjoyed with his army experiences, however, when he became editor of BLAZING COMBAT, he soon found they were no help whatsoever

Returning to civilian life, he took up his old job at Redbook, and launched back into writing by selling a short story to Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine To make matters even better, they bought it. Shortly after this, he also began writing scripts in his free time for a brand new publication ominously labeled CREEPY This was to take up more and more of his time, free and otherwise, until, finally, Jim Warren made an honest man of him (which took some doing) by hiring Archie to be editor of CREEPY (as well as EERIE, and BLAZING COMBAT when they appeared on the scene) full time

Archie is married to Anne Murphy, who is an editor herself at Redbook magazine, where they met. Despite the risk of damaging good reputations, Archie credits Leonard Starr for much help in mastering the tricky art of continuity writing, and Harvey Kurtzman and Al Feldstein for the influence their approaches have had on his. Other than letting his hair grow, turning out CREEPY and EERIE leave Archie with little time for hobbies. He would still like to keep his hand in at drawing (actually, it's the rest of him that causes the problem) and was happy to have a story written and drawn by him appear in Wally Wood's magazine WITZEND The story evoked much hue and cry from professionals and amateurs alike

Fortunately, Wally has managed to sell copies of the book anyway

Ghastly Goodwin's creepy career can best be summed up in the stirring words of publisher James Warren: "In only the few short years Archie Goodwin has been editing CREEPY and EERIE, he's managed to make it seem like an eternity!"

**Glenn Jones of Waldenwick, New Jersey has conjured up a tingling terror tale. Join Club Member No. 1367 who's reserved a seat for you on the . . .**

TRAIN TO THE BEYOND
by Glenn Jones

It was true, without my wife, Martha, I couldn't go on. I lost my business, savings, and even the will to live One year after her death I was a bum mooching quarters so that each night I could sleep in one specific room in the same miserable Bowery flophouse. The room facing the train tracks . . .

Farbin, the guy who owned the place, thought I was deaf . . . or crazy. No one else would take the room because you couldn't get any shuteye, but to me, the trains were my friends. I knew them all, the rapid clack of the South Ferry, the slow rumble of the long train to the Battery.

One night, I was lying back resting for about 20 minutes till the next train would go by at 12.20. Just as I stretched my weary body on the cot, there came a piercing whistle of a train, as somewhere a clock struck midnight. I jumped up and looked out the window, knowing the next train shouldn't have arrived yet. I could see a dark black train, but I couldn't hear it! No sound from the wheels! Then it was gone, no rumbling, no noise . nothing! Nothing but a sudden wail of violent cold winds.

It happened for a week straight. I couldn't stand it any longer, so one Saturday I took a walk down to the train yard. The men there thought I was nuts, and kicked me off the tracks. Then it came to me . . . I could prove to those who laughed and thought me crazy that there was such a train by using a camera. I succeeded in stealing one from a small corner store, and at the first stroke of midnight, I was ready, and there was the train! I snapped the picture and rushed it to a drug store next morning. The following day, I returned to get the picture . . . anxious . . . excited! Ripping open the package, I discovered there was no train in the picture! Scared stiff, confused, I could only blame the developing . . . Which left me one other thing to do.

That night I waited at the tracks and when the train finally did come by, I grabbed onto the railing and clung to it as a bat clings to hair. I opened one of the doors and climbed inside the car. It was filled with people, just like the 5:00 subway rush. Only these straphangers were different. There was a strange silence about them and each had that same blank faraway stare. Suddenly I heard what sounded like a muted moan of a gigantic organ. Everyone got off. Some of the passengers were greeted by those waiting as if they hadn't seen one another in a long time, but there were many others just standing . . . looking lonesome, sad, grim. Then I saw Martha, my wife now dead, and I KNEW! I understood! This was the waiting place of the DEAD!

Martha's lips moved but no words came out. I knew I must get back. I followed the tracks on foot for what seemed like an eternity. Then there was a blinding flash and when I could see again I was at Farbin's flophouse. I returned to my room, exhausted from the walk. There was a knock. My body felt cold and damp as I struggled to open the door. It was a messenger. I took a small card from him and fell back onto my cot.

That night, I was on the train again, only this time, I was one of the passengers. As I rode along, I happened to glance down at the card handed me by the messenger still clenched in my hand. It read: "Admit one departed soul aboard the train to the beyond. Name Martin Schwartz. Place: The Bowery, N.Y. Time of Departure: Midnight!"

**First of our FIENDISH FAN ART, to be ogled directly above, is by member No. 827, Randall Larson, age 15 of Chicago, Illinois, who demonstrates one way of making a cutting remark, if you get the point . . .**

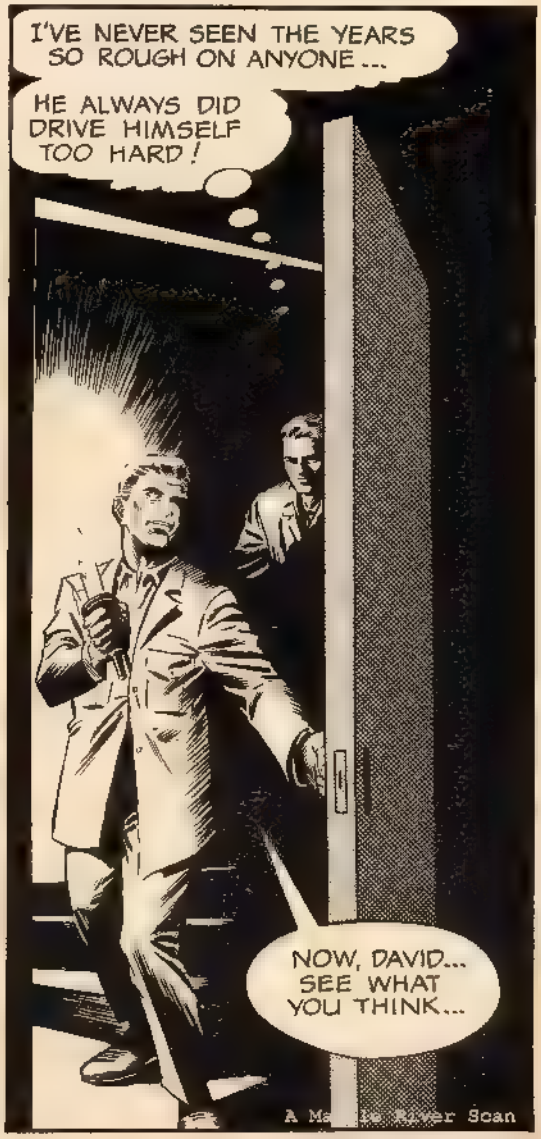
**FRANK BRUNNER, frenzied fan clubber No. 44, of Brooklyn, New York has an oozing offering of yours truly, UNCLE CREEPY, gone camp on the super hero scene . . . Holy Bob Kane! It's all there up there on the far right for a wildly weird scene. JOSEPH J. DUKETT, CFC No. 1075 of Bethel, Connecticut, enjoys both horror and war material, so for his bit of demon draftsmanship blended the two elements into one CREEPY COMBINATION!**

**DON'T MISS OUT, JOIN THE CREEPY FAN CLUB FUN! SEE DETAILS ON PAGE 13!**

TIME TO DO A LITTLE TRAVELING, TERROR TEAMMATES... BETTER PACK AN EXTRA SHROUD AS IT'S A LONG TRIP, AND YOU'LL WANT TO LOOK YOUR BEST WHEN WE FINALLY REACH...

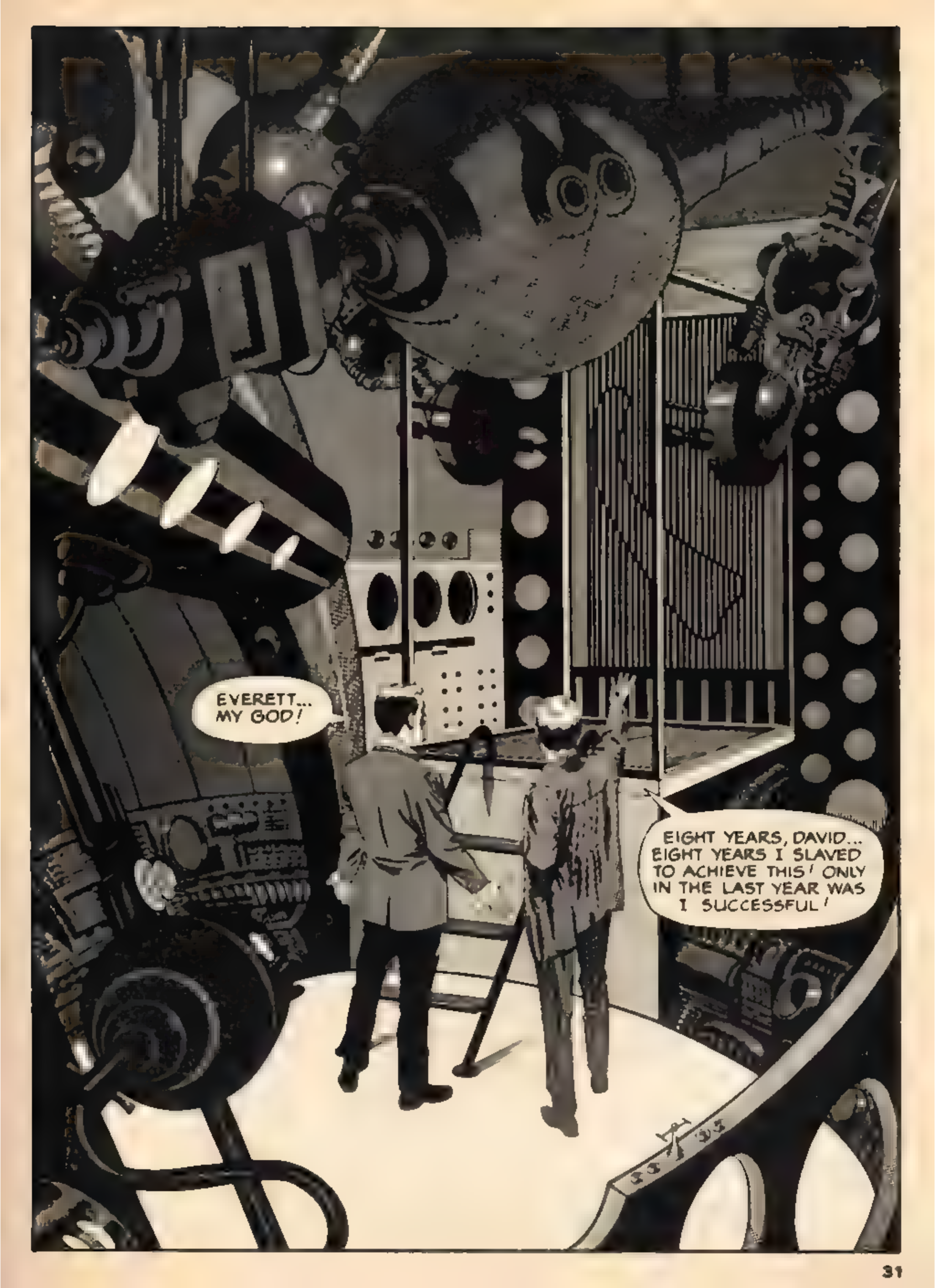
# THE BECKONING BEYOND!

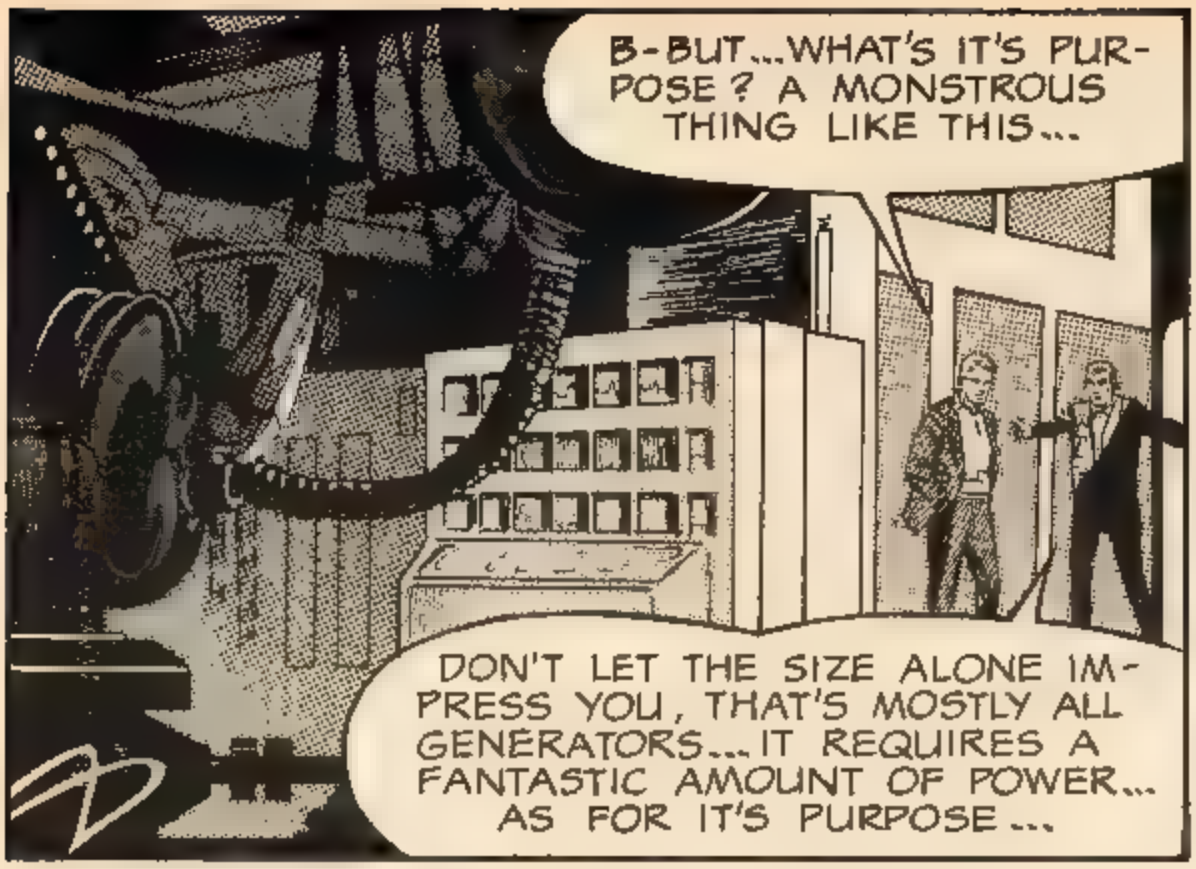
AT COLLEGE, EVERETT HACTON HAD BEEN MY ROOMMATE HE WAS BRILLIANT, BUT ALMOST MORBIDLY WITHDRAWN AND REMOTE, AND WAS TO BECOME FAR MORE SO IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED. AFTER GRADUATION, I SAW LITTLE OF HIM, YET I SUPPOSE IN HIS VEILED, DISTANT MIND, I REMAINED THE NEAREST TO A FRIEND HE'D EVER HAD. PERHAPS THAT'S WHY HE CHOSE ME TO VIEW HIS FINAL ACHIEVEMENT...



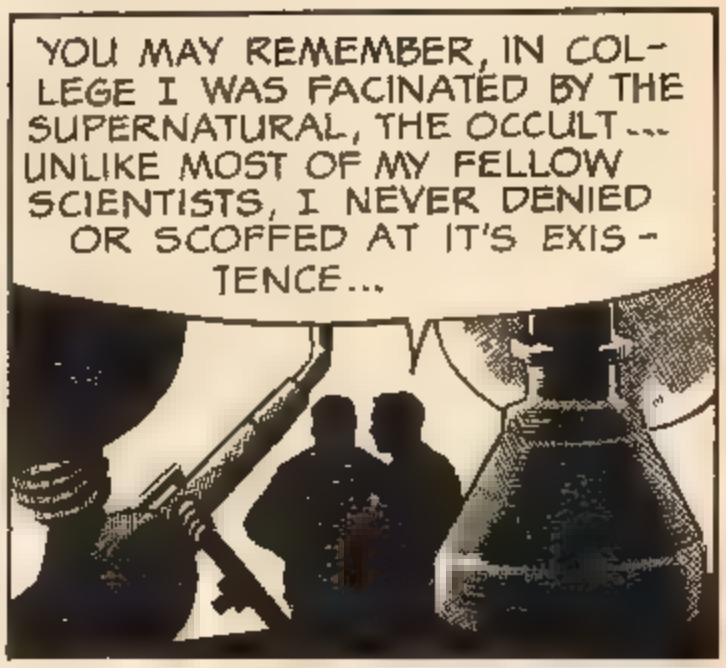



ART BY DAN ADKINS SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

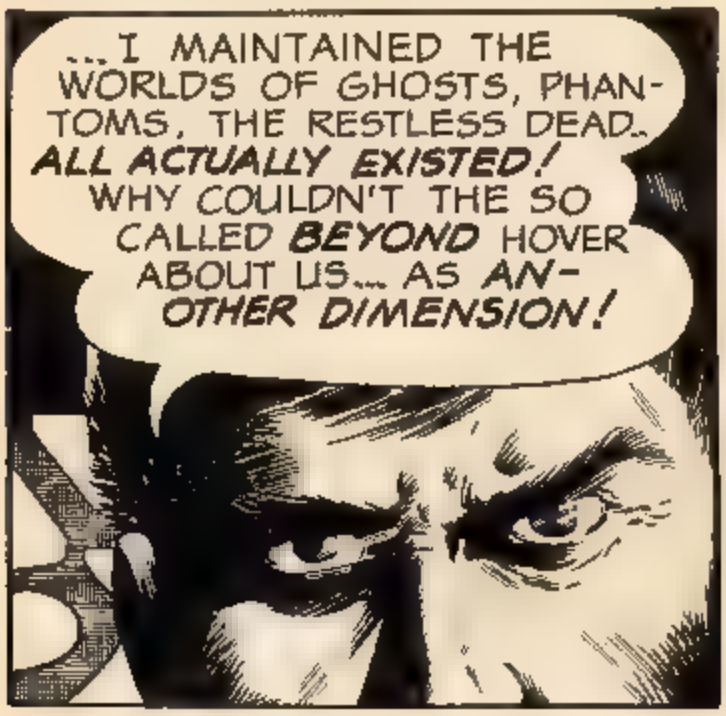

EVERETT... MY GOD!
EIGHT YEARS, DAVID... EIGHT YEARS I SLAVED TO ACHIEVE THIS! ONLY IN THE LAST YEAR WAS I SUCCESSFUL!

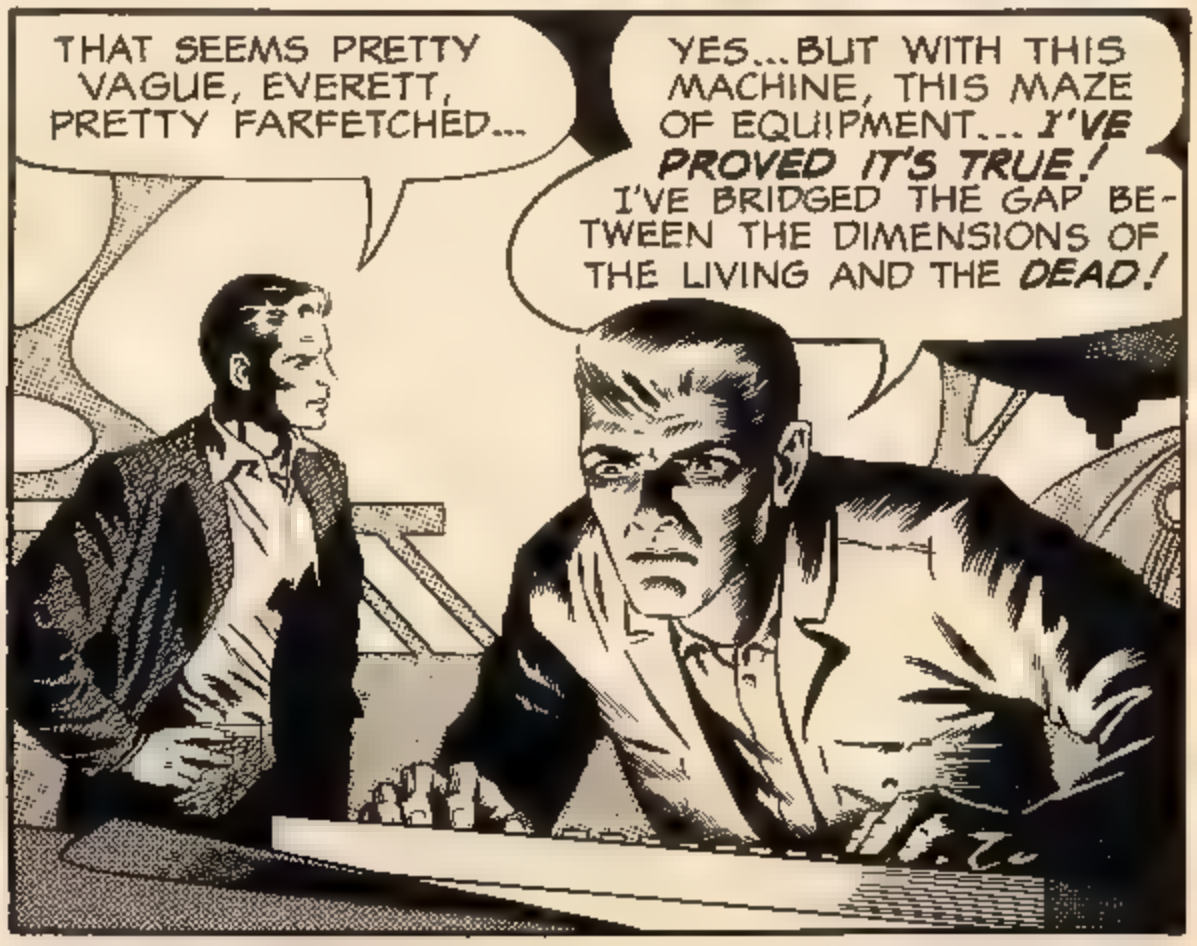



HE BEGAN TO MOVE FROM PANEL TO PANEL, ACTIVATING CONTROLS... THE FIRES OF FANATICISM GLOWING IN HIS PREVIOUSLY DULL EYES...

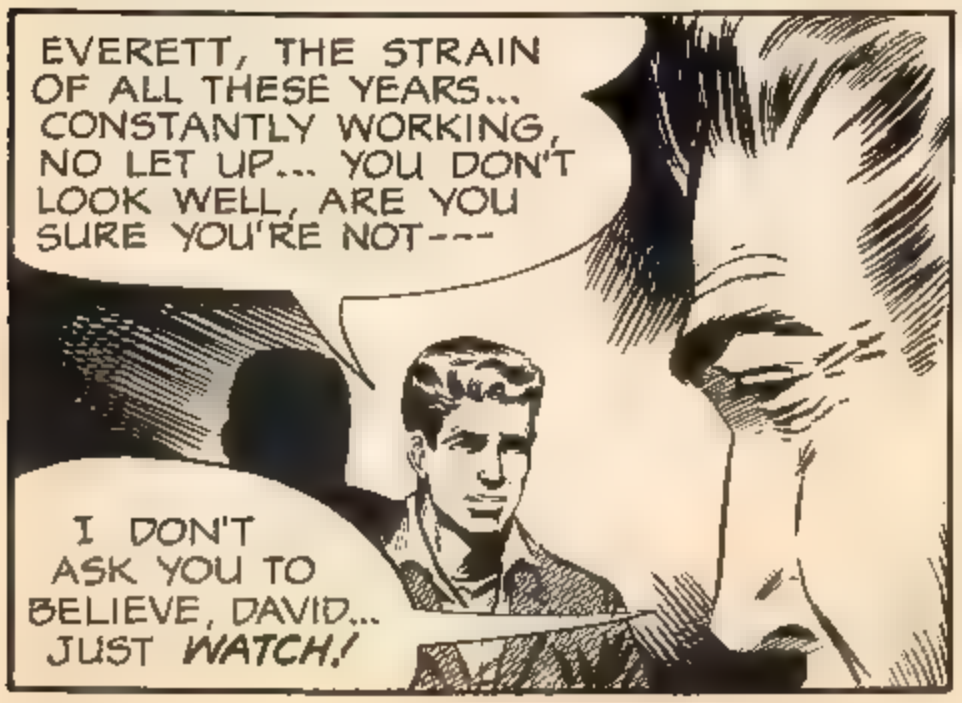



ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY AT FIRST, THEN GROWING STEADILY IN VOLUME WITH EACH NEW ADJUSTMENT BY HACTON, THE FANTASTIC MACHINERY BEGAN TO THROB AND HUM...

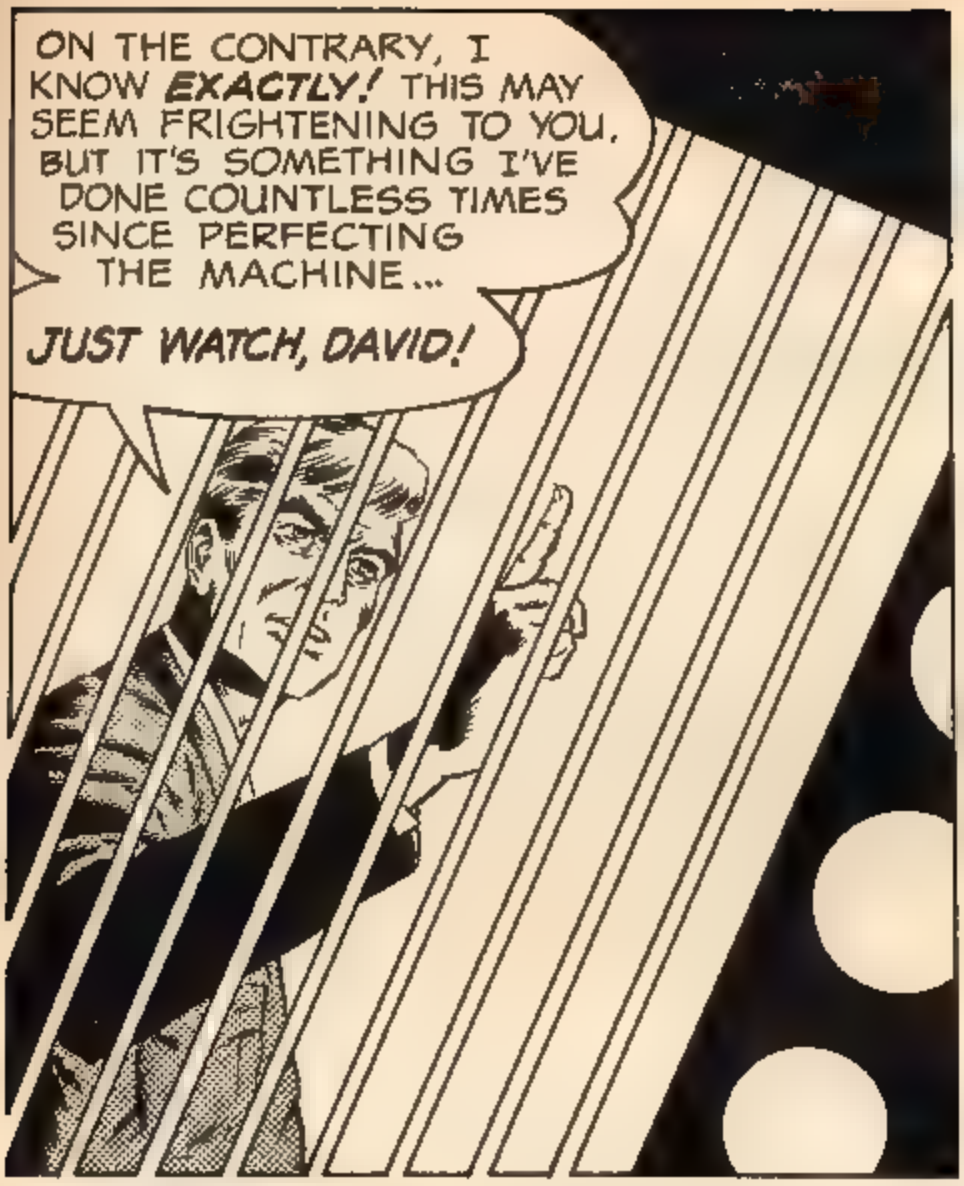


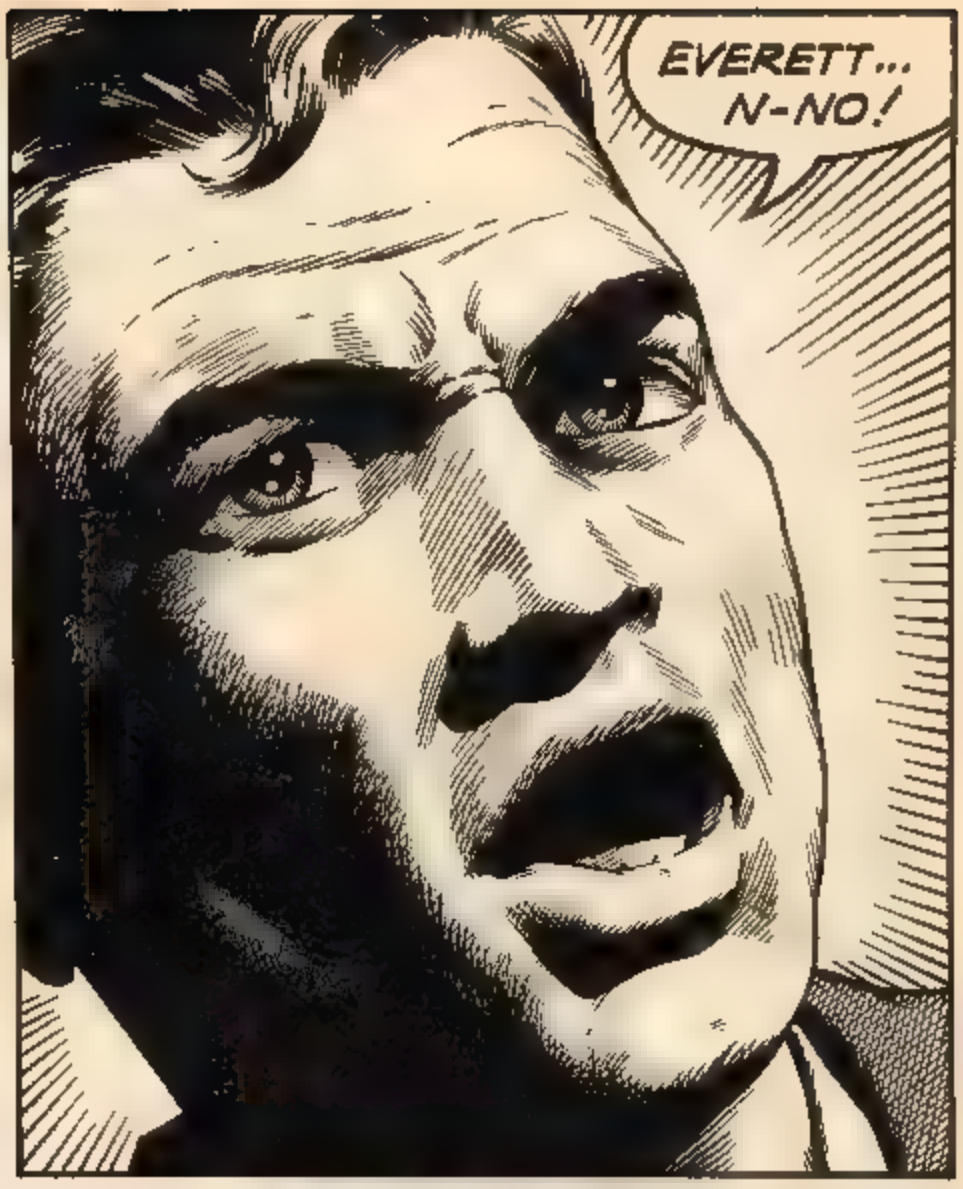




THE THROB HAD NOW BECOME A ROAR, THE HUM A BANSHEE SHRIEK....THE ROOM FILLED WITH AN EERIE GLOW FROM THE VIBRATING MASS OF MACHINERY....

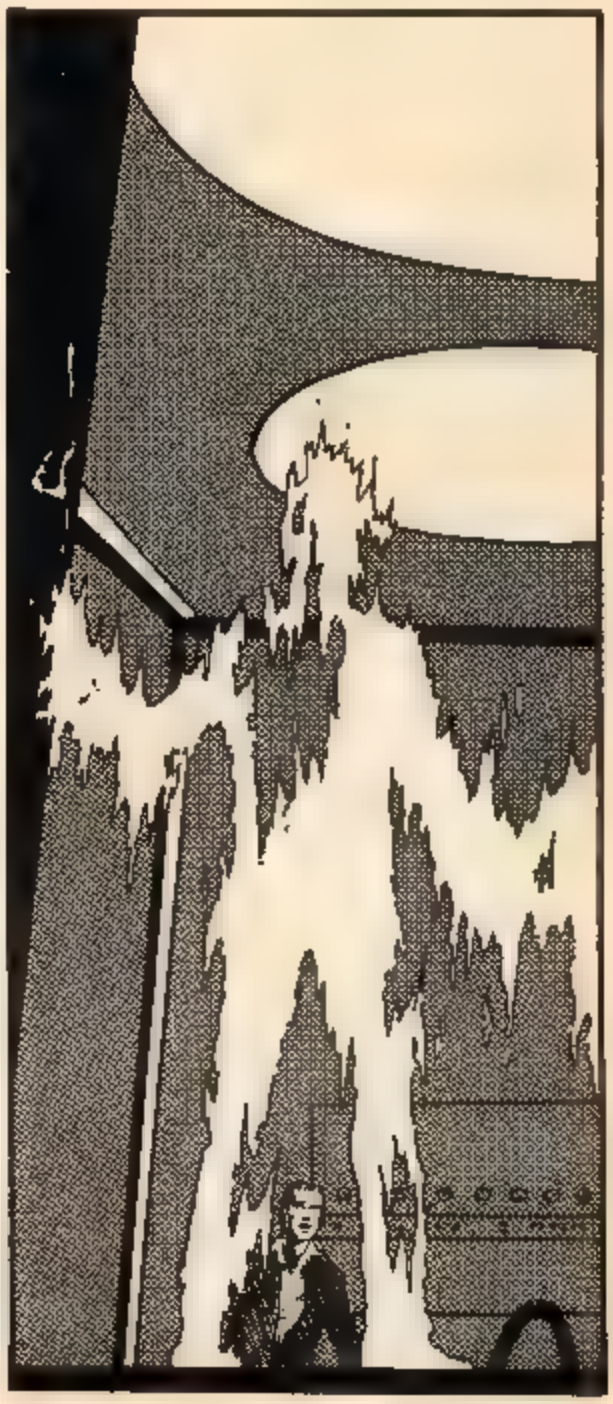


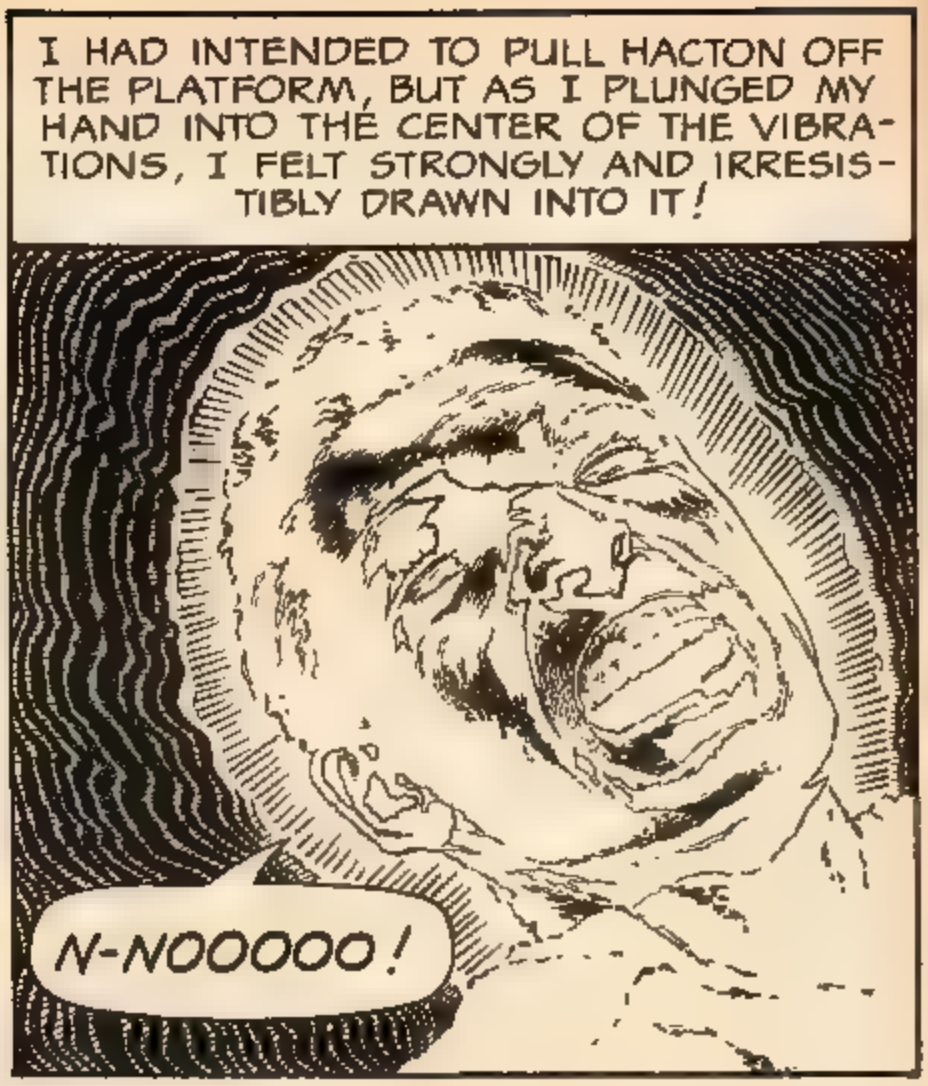

AT THE HEART OF THE MACHINERY, A SMALL PLATFORM GLOWED, THE TARGET OF ALL THE NOW THUNDERING WAVES OF VIBRATIONS EMITTING FROM THE THROBBING GENERATORS..



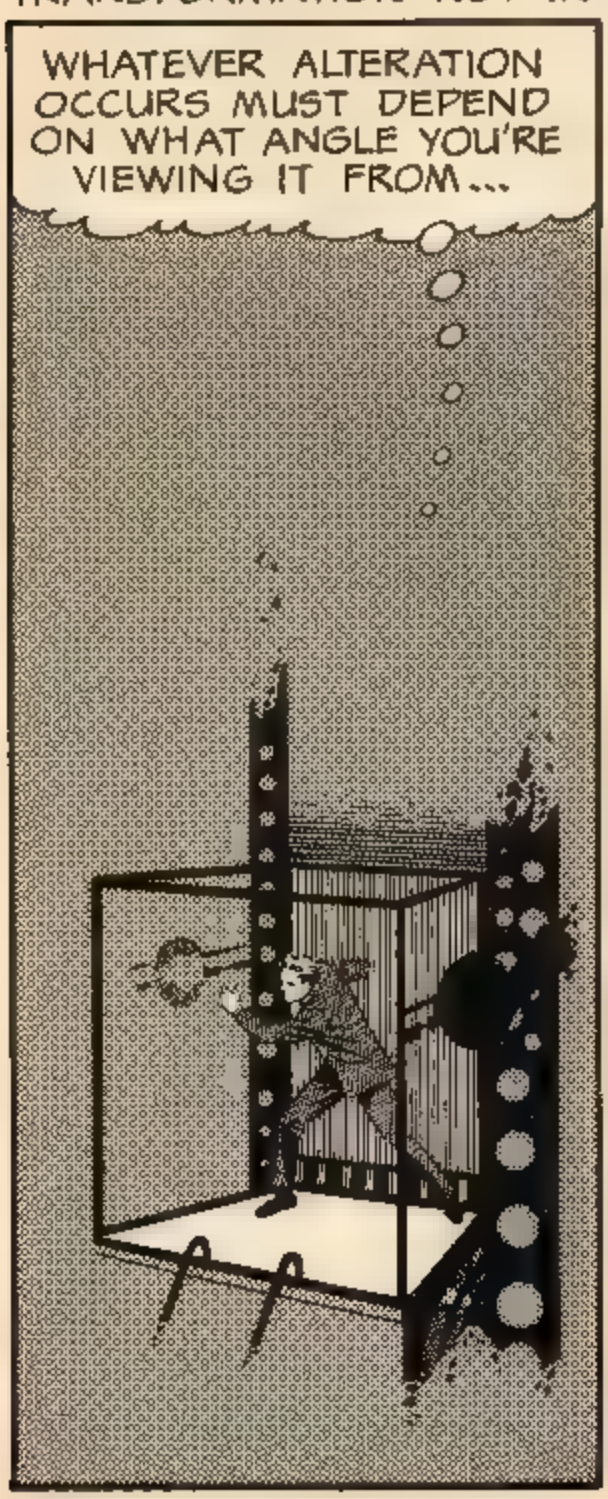




SUDDENLY EVERETT HACTON WAS ON THE PLATFORM, BATHED IN THE FULL POWER OF HIS HIDEOUS INVENTION... AND AS I STARED TRANSFIXED, HIS STOIC FORM BEGAN TO MELT AND CHANGE...






NOW I WAS SMOTHERED IN THE THROBBING FORCE OF THE MACHINE, MY SCREAMS DROWNED IN IT'S ROAR... BUT LOOKING OUT FROM THE PLATFORM, I FOUND THE TRANSFORMATION NOT IN MYSELF, BUT THE WORLD AROUND ME!



I FOUGHT HARD TO KEEP MY SANITY...DESPERATELY REMINDING MYSELF THAT HACTON AND I WERE TWO WRAITH-LIKE FIGURES STANDING ON A GLOWING PLATFORM IN OUR OWN DIMENSION...THAT IT WAS POSSIBLE TO STEP DOWN, TO GET AWAY... ***OR WAS IT?***

EVERETT, WHERE ARE WE? THERE ARE... T-THINGS MOVING OUT THERE....

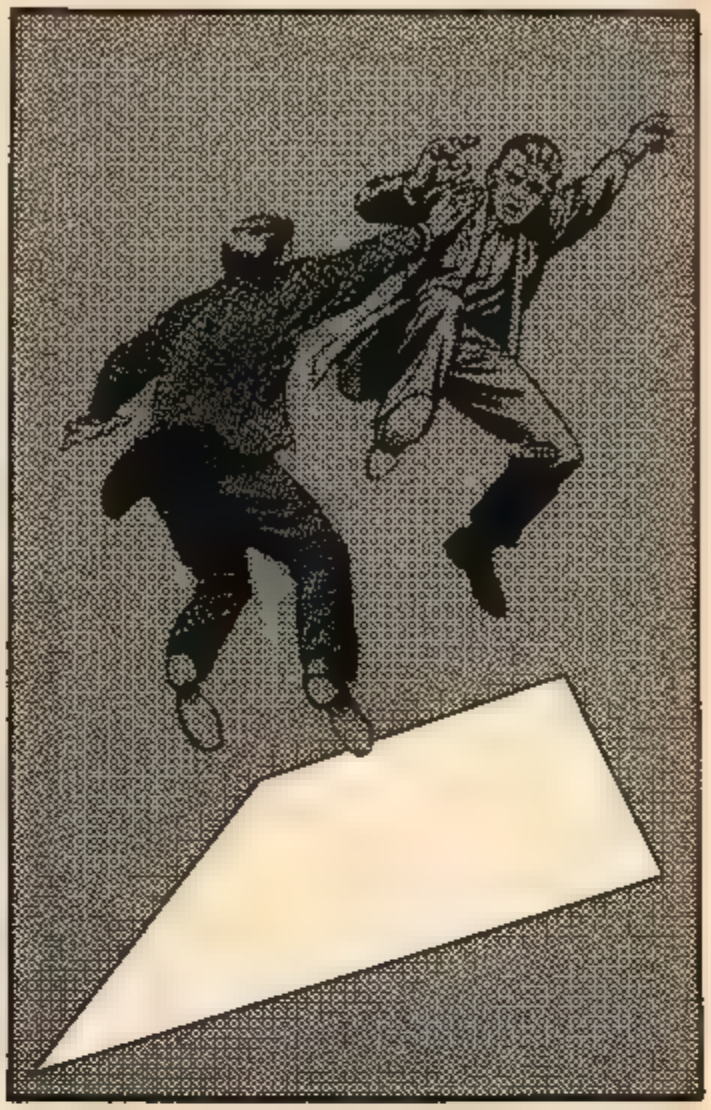
CALL IT THE SPIRIT WORLD...CALL IT THE BEYOND, CALL IT A NAMELESS DIMENSION...IT DOESN'T MATTER HERE!

THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER... I DON'T LIKE THIS! WHAT ARE THEY, EVERETT?

PROBABLY THEY WERE ONCE HUMAN... ALIVE... BUT THEY'VE CROSSED OVER. THEY FADE AND CHANGE... ALTER...

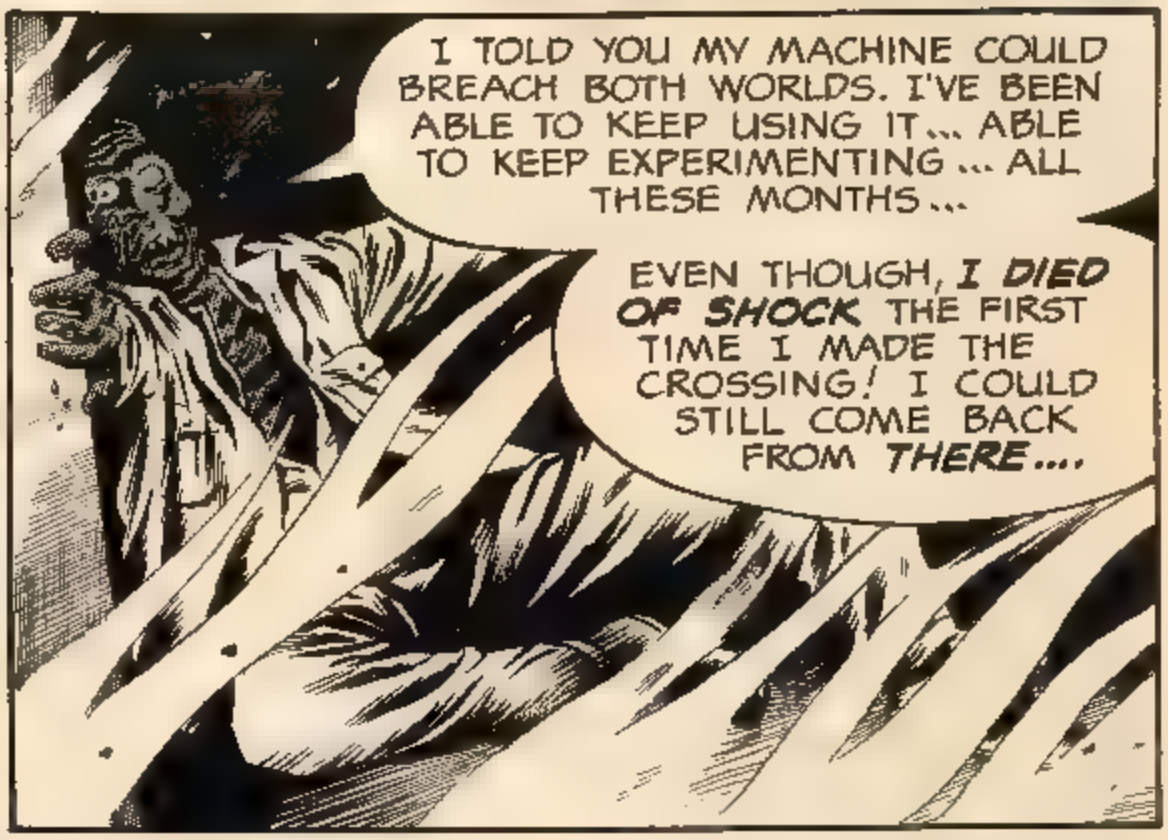
HIDEOUS HANDS CLAWED OUT AT ME, AND DECAYING FACES OF UNSPEAKABLE EVIL LOOMED CLOSE, NOT QUITE ABLE TO GRASP MY OTHER-WORLDLY FORM BUT SENDING THE CHILL OF DEATH THROUGH ME WITH EACH THRUST AND PASS!

HACTON WAS BEYOND HEARING OR CARING. I COULD ONLY GRASP AT HIS SHIRT AND PLUNGE FORWARD, NOT CERTAIN IF MY LEAP CARRIED US OFF THE PLATFORM OR THRUST US DEEPER INTO THAT ALIEN WORLD OF HORROR!

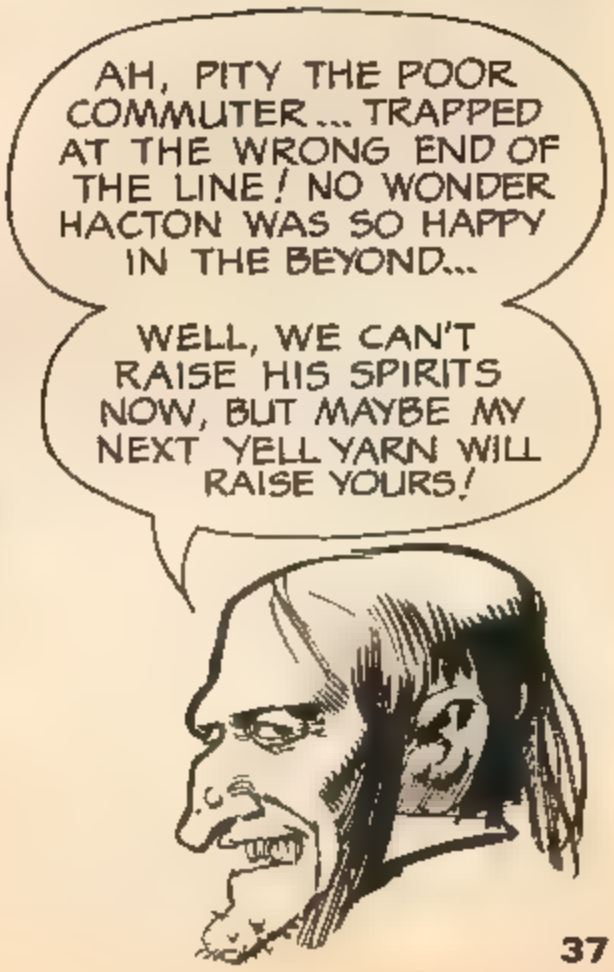


THE FALL LEFT ME GROGGY BUT UNHURT. I STAGGER FROM HACTON'S SPRAWLED FIGURE, STUMBLING ABOUT THE LABORATORY UNTIL I FOUND SOMETHING EQUAL TO THE TASK I HAD IN MIND... A FIRE AXE!

THE DELICATE INSTRUMENTS BURST INTO A RAGING INFERNO, QUICKER AND EASIER THAN I HAD HOPED. I TURN TO HACTON...




THE GASPING VOICE RATTLED INTO NOTHINGNESS, AND THE THING FOREVER SEPARATED FROM IT'S *NATURAL* WORLD, THE WORLD A LONELY SPIRIT LIKE HACTON WOULD ENTER AT DEATH, WITHERED AND DISSOLVED BEFORE MY EYES...



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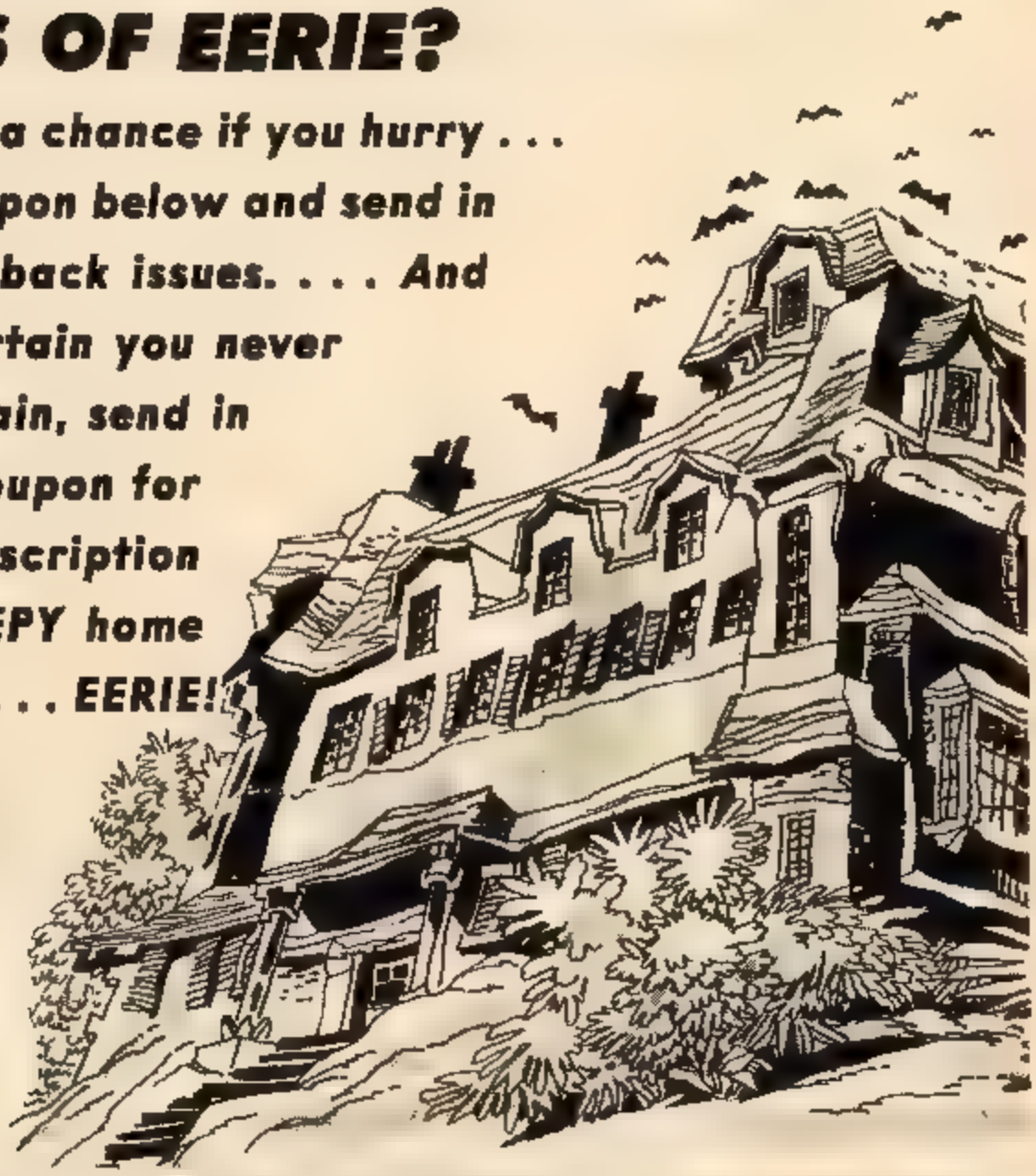

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ART BY JOE ORLANDO SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

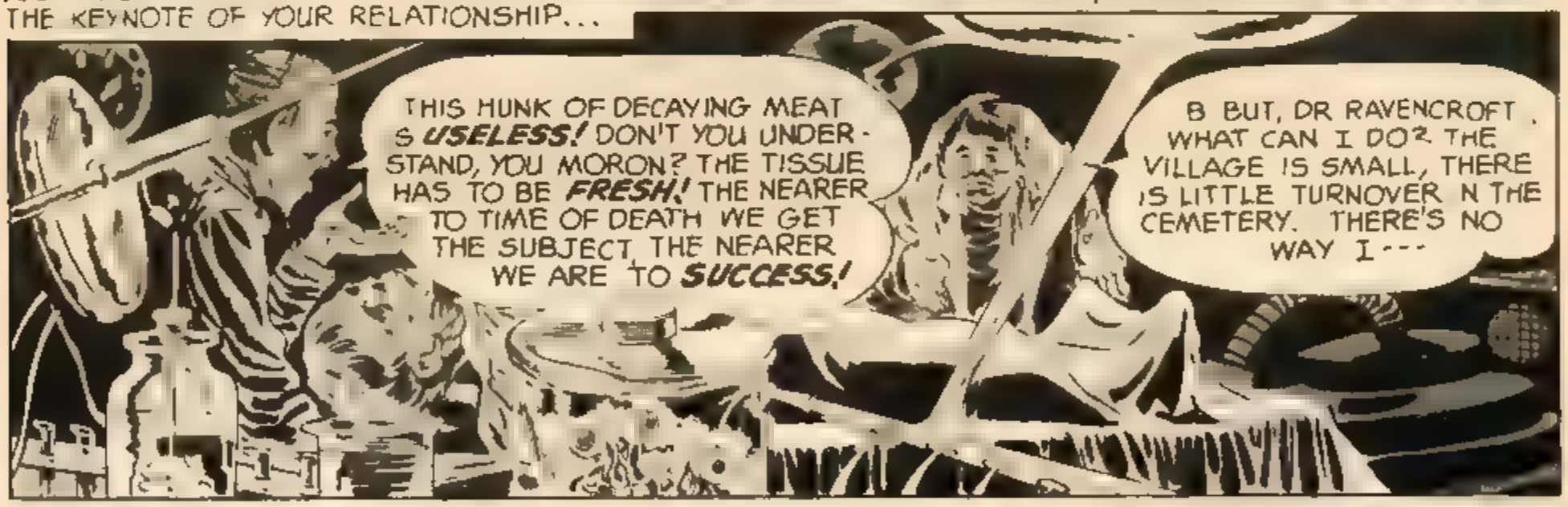
THE VOICE PERSISTS, BECOMES LOUDER, SHOUTS... REALITY HOVERS AT HAND, PAIN RETURNS... SLOWLY, WITH GREAT EFFORT, YOUR EYELIDS BEGIN TO FLUTTER, THEN MOVE ..

THE VILLAGERS! THE WORDS INSPIRE HATRED IN YOU AS THEY DO SCORN IN RAVENCROFT. YOUR MIND BEGINS TO SEETHE, TO DREDGE UP ALL THE HURTS, ALL THE HUMILITIES AND INDIGNITIES
THIEF! STOP HIM! HURKLOS THE GYPSY IS AT IT AGAIN!
VILLAIN! A GOOD DRUBBING WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON!...
NOT THIS ONE! HE'S THE DEVIL'S OWN!
THE VILLAGERS! AT EVERY TURN, THEY WERE AFTER YOU... READY TO POUNCE AND PUNISH, TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR WEAKNESS, YOUR INABILITY TO FIGHT BACK... NEVER LEAVING YOU ALONE...
HURKLOS, YOUR MIND'S MORE TWISTED THAN YOUR BODY.. THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE FOR YOU AND YOUR EVIL WAYS!
THE VILLAGERS! THERE WAS NEVER AN END TO IT... THEY WERE NEVER SATISFIED, ALWAYS ATTACKING... JUST AS THEY WERE RIGHT NOW, THEIR HUE AND CRY DRIFTING UP TO ENRAGE YOU MORE...
OUR VILLAGE ISN'T FOR THE LIKES OF YOU, HURKLOS! JAIL TAUGHT YOU NOTHING! AN ANIMAL LIKE YOU DESERVES TO SKULK IN THE OLD CASTLE RUINS, NOT IN THE TOWN!

BUT THE SMUG VILLAGERS HADN'T DREAMED OF A DESCENDANT RECLAIMING THE ANCIENT CASTLE, USING IT FOR HIS OWN PURPOSE, AND USING ***YOU***... SOON, THEY'D BE FINDING OUT...

THE VOICE STINGS LIKE A WHIPLASH... IN HIS OWN WAY, RAVENCROFT HAS ALWAYS BEEN AS BAD AS THE VILLAGERS... BUT, YOU NEEDED HIM...

NOTHING YOU DID EVER PLEASED RAVENCROFT. FROM THE BEGINNING, DISSATISFACTION HAD BEEN THE KEYNOTE OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP...




YET IT WAS THIS DISSATISFACTION, THIS CONSTANT DEMANDING THAT LED TO YOUR OWN PLAN... YOUR WONDERFUL PLAN!

AND YOU WASTED NO TIME PUTTING IT INTO... ***EXECUTION!***

NO SCIENTIST EVER EXERCISED MORE CARE THAN YOU IN CHOOSING VICTIMS. EACH HAD A FINE CHARACTERISTIC YOU WANTED INCORPORATED IN THAT BODY WHICH WOULD SOMEDAY BE ***YOURS...*** YOU RETURNED PROUDLY WITH EACH CONTRIBUTION TO HAVE IT WELDED, PIECE BY PIECE, BY RAVENCROFT'S SKILLED FINGERS...

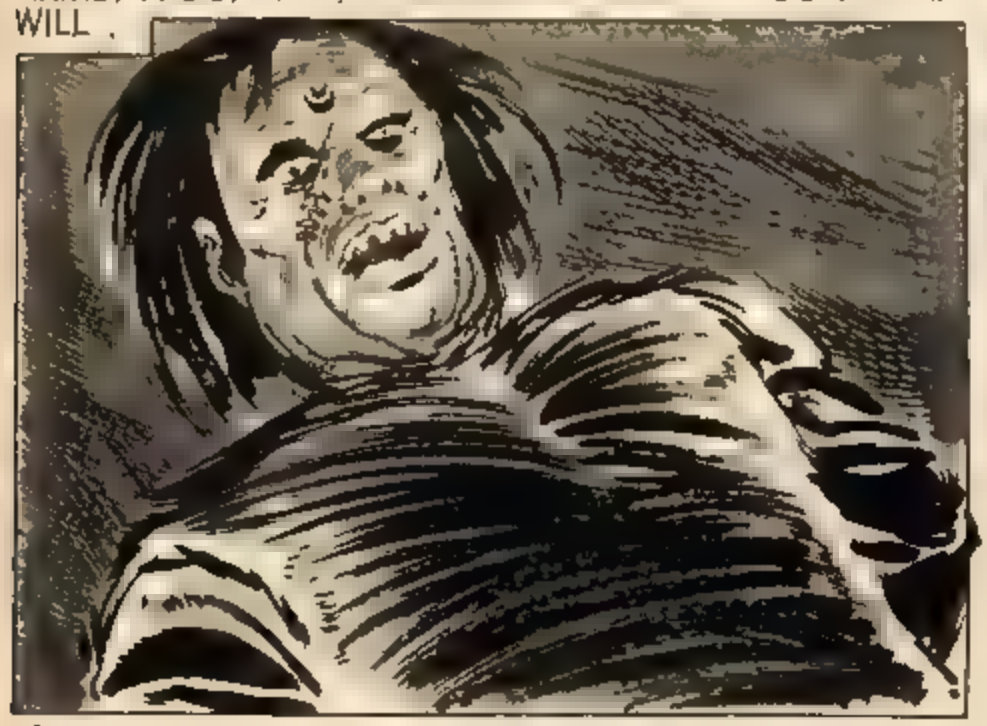
YOUR HOUR IS HERE! THE HATRED LONG HIDDEN IN YOUR FRAIL BODY OF OLD SPEWS FORTH TO POWER THE TERRIBLE ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION YOU HAVE BECOME...BLOODLUST THROBBING IN YOUR TEMPLE YOU EXPLODE OUT OF THE CASTLE INTO THE ATTACKING VILLAGERS!

THOSE WHO CAN ESCAPE YOUR CRUSHING GRASP, FLEE SHRIEKING AND SCREAMING LIKE FRIGHTENED CHILDREN...FLEE AS YOU HAD DONE SO MANY TIMES BEFORE ***THEIR*** TORMENTS... AND YOU KNOW THIS WILL NOT BE ENOUGH...ONLY THE VILLAGE'S ***COMPLETE DESTRUCTION*** COULD ***EVER*** BE ENOUGH!

YOU PLUNGE INTO THE NIGHT, BLIND WITH A TERRIBLE RAGE ONLY POWER AND HATRED SUCH AS YOURS COULD HAVE RELEASED... YOU PLUNGED VAGUELY TOWARD THE TOWN, LETTING INSTINCT GUIDE YOU, TRUSTING YOUR LEGS TO CARRY YOU WHERE THEY WILL...

... AND FINALLY STOP WHEN THEY CARRY YOU NO FARTHER

YOUR ANGER BUILDS ANEW, THIS TIME AT YOURSELF. THE CEMETERY IS OUT OF YOUR WAY... WITH A SNORT, YOU START TO MOVE ON... NOTHING HAPPENS! YOUR BODY REMAINS MOTIONLESS... HANDS, ARMS, LEGS, FEET, ALL SEEM TO RESIST YOUR VERY WILL.



FOR THE FIRST TIME, YOU SEE EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE. THE NEW GRAVES SECTION... AND WITH A CHILL, YOU REALIZE WHO OCCUPIES MOST OF THE NEW GRAVES... NOW YOUR MIND SCREAMS COMMANDS AND STILL YOUR LIMBS RESIST, PULL AWAY...

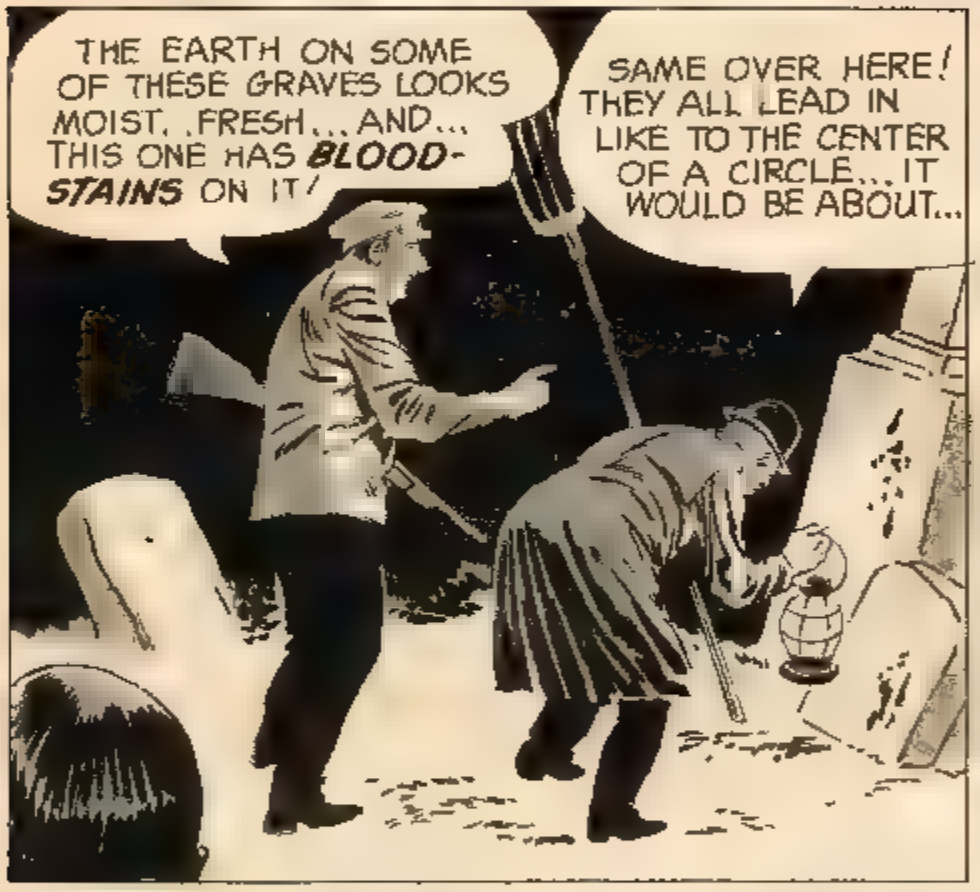
NOW THERE IS A STIRRING OF SOIL, A SMALL, SILENT EARTHQUAKE, AND RISING FROM EACH GRAVE ARE TERRIBLE, SHADOW FORMS... YOU KNOW YOU ARE SURROUNDED, SURROUNDED BY MUTILATED, SOMEHOW ANIMATED, REMAINS... ***SURROUNDED BY THE VICTIMS FROM WHENCE CAME YOUR PIECEMEAL BODY!***

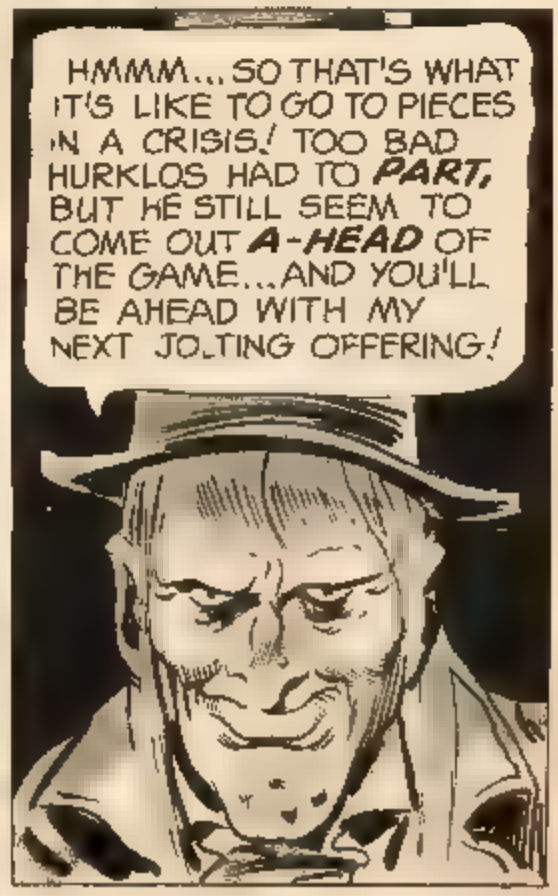
THE THINGS WHOSE GAZE BURN YOU FROM EVERY ANGLE DO NOT, ***CANNOT,*** ADVANCE... IF ONLY YOU COULD FORCE YOUR BODY TO OBEY YOU... IF ONLY YOU COULD MAKE EVEN ONE REBELLIOUS LIMB ***MOVE***... EVEN ONE HAND..

***AND THEN, TO YOUR HORROR, IT DOES!***

T-THAT SCREAM... LIKE AN ANIMAL IN TERRIBLE PAIN!

IT COULD ONLY BE THE MONSTER! THIS TIME WE'RE READY FOR HIM, HE WON'T GET AWAY... AND HIS SCREAMS WON'T FRIGHTEN US!





NOW, A FEARSOME FROLIC INTO THE DARK AGES FOR SOME DARK DOINGS .. HOPE ALL YOU HYSTERICAL HISTORIANS WILL ENJOY THE REEKING RESERVATIONS I'VE PREPARED FOR YOU AT...

# CASTLE CARRION!

RAIN FELL IN TORRENTS OUT OF THE BLACK SKY, LASHING ERIC OF URIEN AND HIS NERVOUS, SHYING MOUNT WITH ICY PELLETS...THE SOUND OF THE STORM RISING IN COMPETITION TO THE DIN ERIC RAISED WITH THE GREAT IRON RING AGAINST THE DECAYING TIMBERS OF THE CASTLE GATE...

***OPEN THE GATES!*** OPEN FOR A TRAVELER BEFORE HE DROWNS IN THIS DELUGE! IF ANYONE BE THERE... ***OPEN!***

FOR LONG MOMENTS ONLY THE RAIN ANSWERED ERIC'S EFFORTS, THEN HE FELT A WARRIOR'S DISCOMFORT OF A STRANGE GAZE UPON HIM, AND A DRY RATTLE OF A VOICE KNIFED EFFORTLESSLY TO HIM THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR...

THIS CASTLE IS ANCIENT... SCANT COMFORT TO THE TRAVELER WILL BE FOUND WITHIN THESE WALLS!

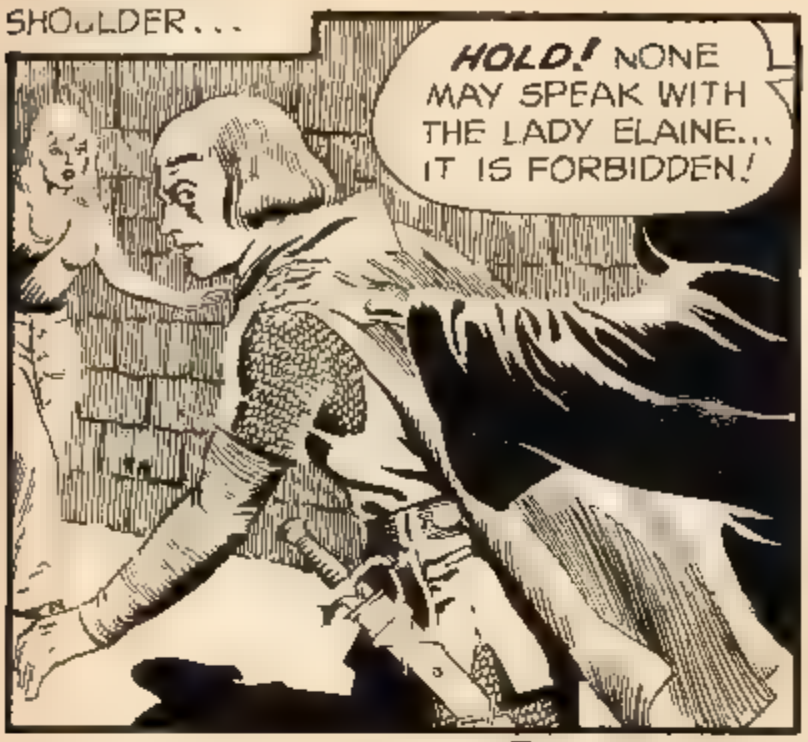
WOULD YOU TURN A WAYFARER TO A STORM SUCH AS THIS? I DON'T SEEK SPLENDOR...ONLY SHELTER!

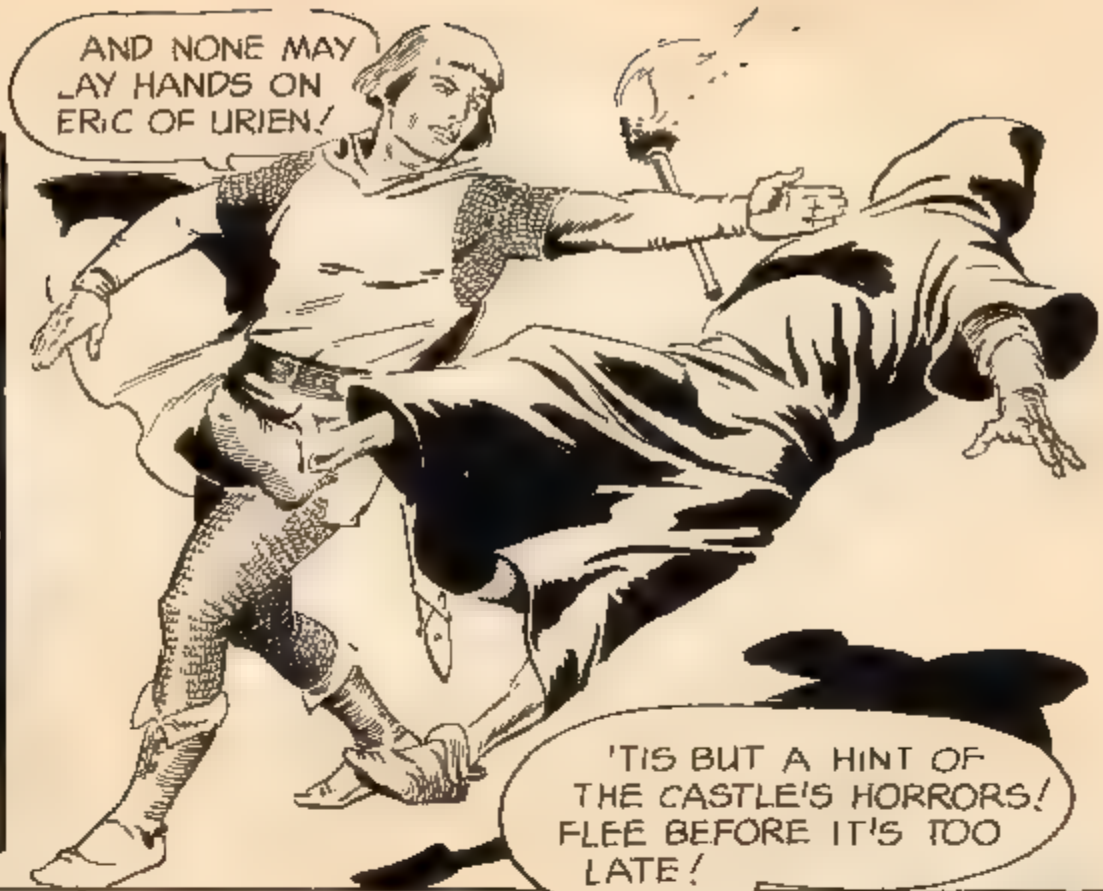
Marble River Scan

ART BY REED CRANDALL SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

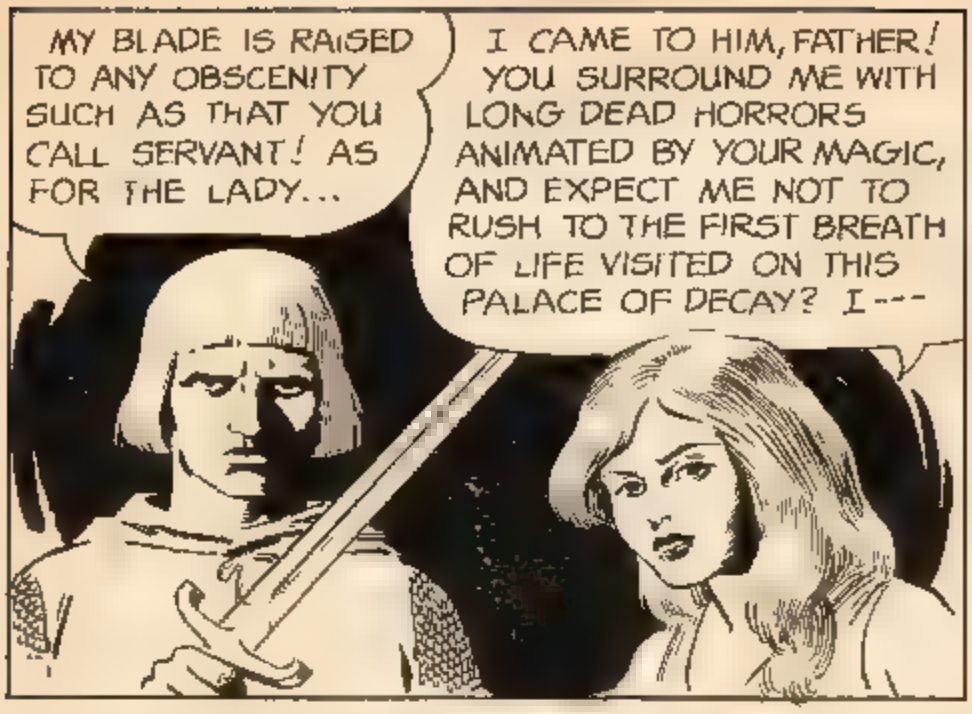
AS YOU WILL THEN . ENTER!
WHAT MANNER OF PLACE S THIS? THE STENCH OF DEATH AND DECAY HOVERS AS IN THE AIR OF A CHARNEL HOUSE... MY HAND SHALL NOT STRAY FAR FROM MY SWORD HILT THROUGH THIS NIGHT'S LODGING!
COME MY MASTER AWAITS YOU!
TRULY ROME'S GREAT CATACOMBS OFFER MORE CHEER THAN THESE CRUMBLING WALLS! HE WHO WOULD CALL HIMSELF MASTER OF THIS MANOR MUST BE STRANGE INDEED...
TAKE CARE, SIR KNIGHT! YOU WALK IN A REALM OF EVIL!

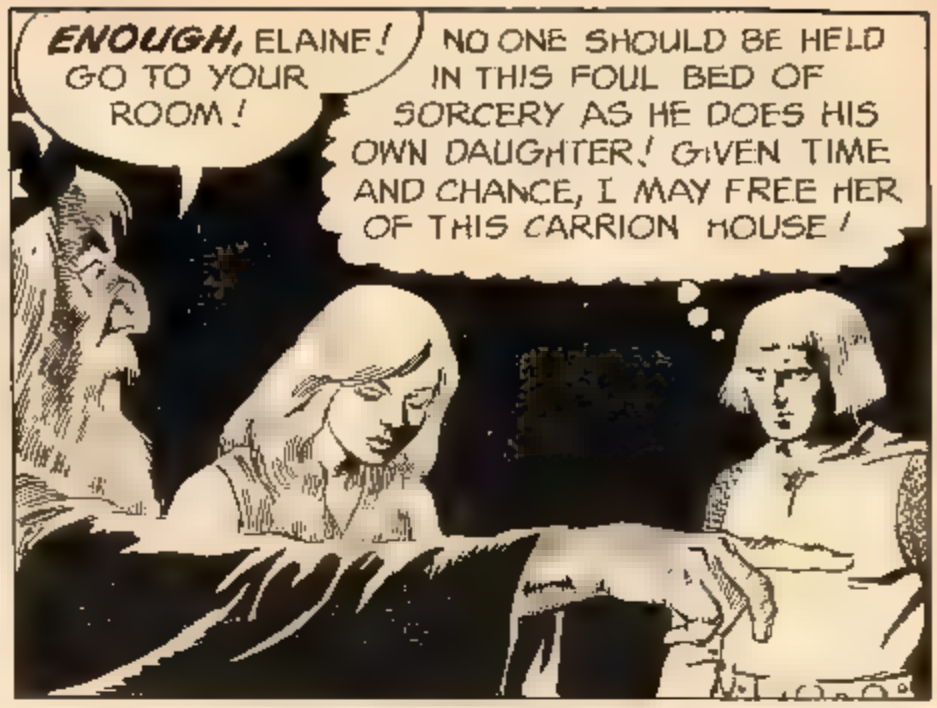
ERIC WHIRLED, ONLY TO FEEL HIMSELF RESTRAINED BY A CHILL TOUCH, AS THOUGH A HAND OF ICE GRIPPED HIS SHOULDER...

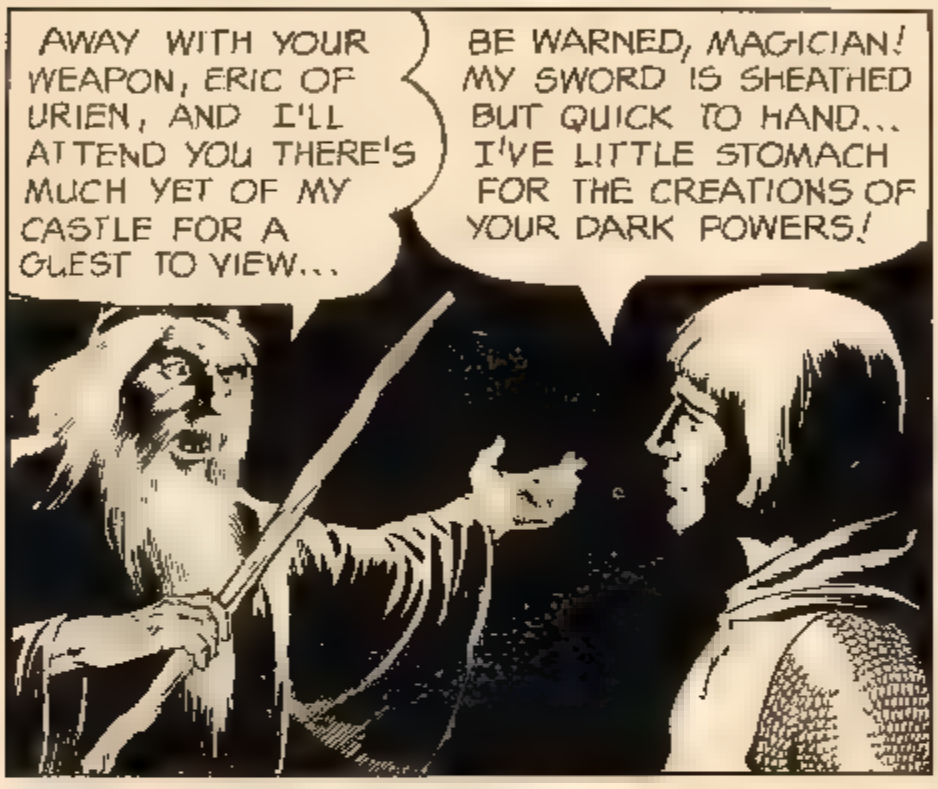


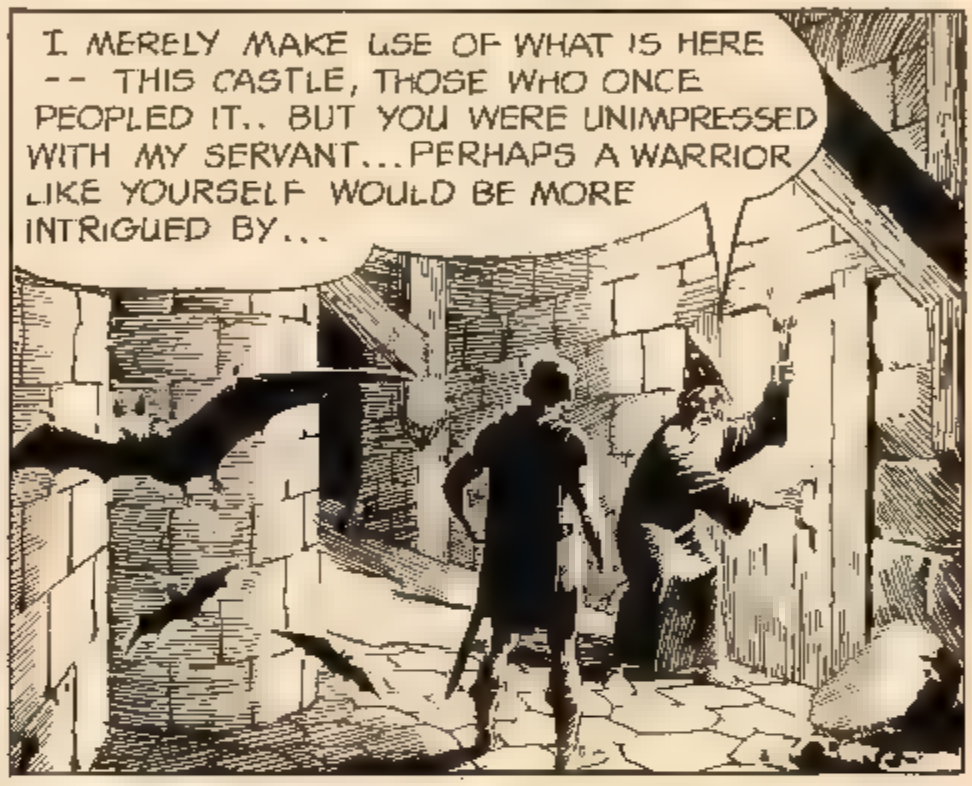




ERIC'S BLADE FLASHED, BUT FROZE MID-STROKE AT THE FEARFUL SIGHT OF THAT WHICH HE ATTACKED...

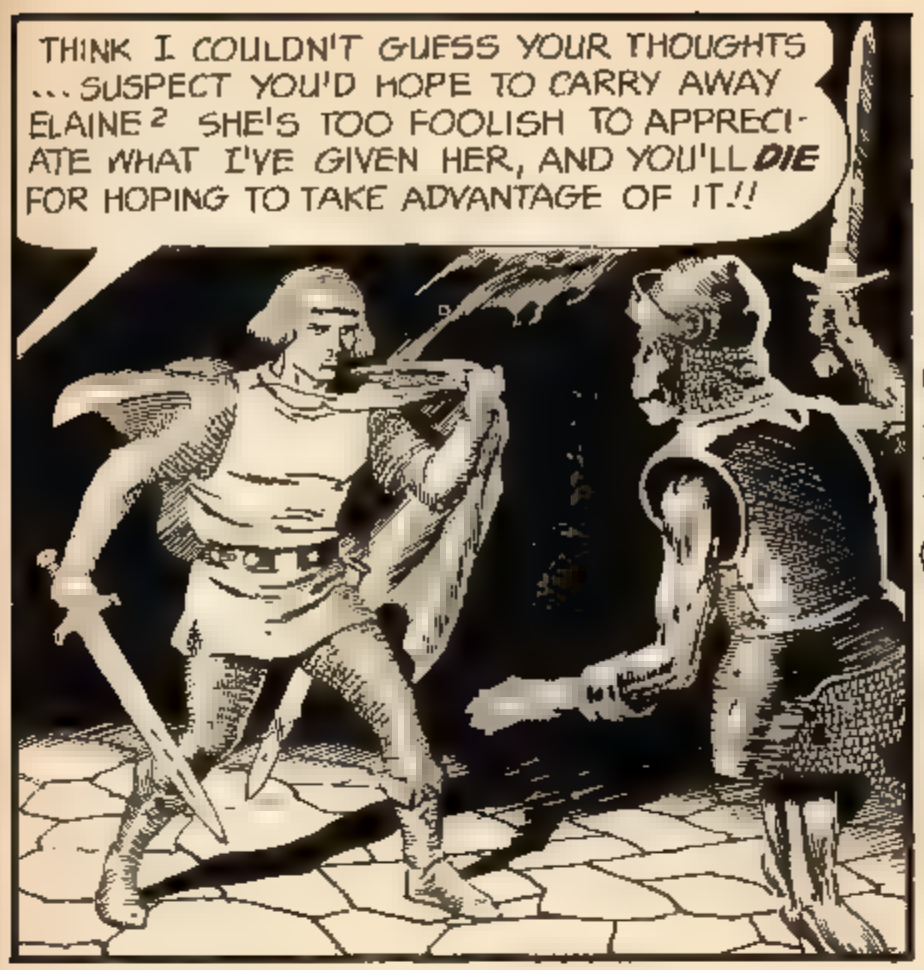

MY BLADE IS RAISED TO ANY OBSCENITY SUCH AS THAT YOU CALL SERVANT! AS FOR THE LADY...
I CAME TO HIM, FATHER! YOU SURROUND ME WITH LONG DEAD HORRORS ANIMATED BY YOUR MAGIC, AND EXPECT ME NOT TO RUSH TO THE FIRST BREATH OF LIFE VISITED ON THIS PALACE OF DECAY? I---


ENOUGH, ELAINE! GO TO YOUR ROOM!
NO ONE SHOULD BE HELD IN THIS FOUL BED OF SORCERY AS HE DOES HIS OWN DAUGHTER! GIVEN TIME AND CHANCE, I MAY FREE HER OF THIS CARRION HOUSE!


AWAY WITH YOUR WEAPON, ERIC OF URIEN, AND I'LL ATTEND YOU THERE'S MUCH YET OF MY CASTLE FOR A GUEST TO VIEW...
BE WARNED, MAGICIAN! MY SWORD IS SHEATHED BUT QUICK TO HAND... I'VE LITTLE STOMACH FOR THE CREATIONS OF YOUR DARK POWERS!


I MERELY MAKE USE OF WHAT IS HERE -- THIS CASTLE, THOSE WHO ONCE PEOPLED IT.. BUT YOU WERE UNIMPRESSED WITH MY SERVANT...PERHAPS A WARRIOR LIKE YOURSELF WOULD BE MORE INTRIGUED BY...

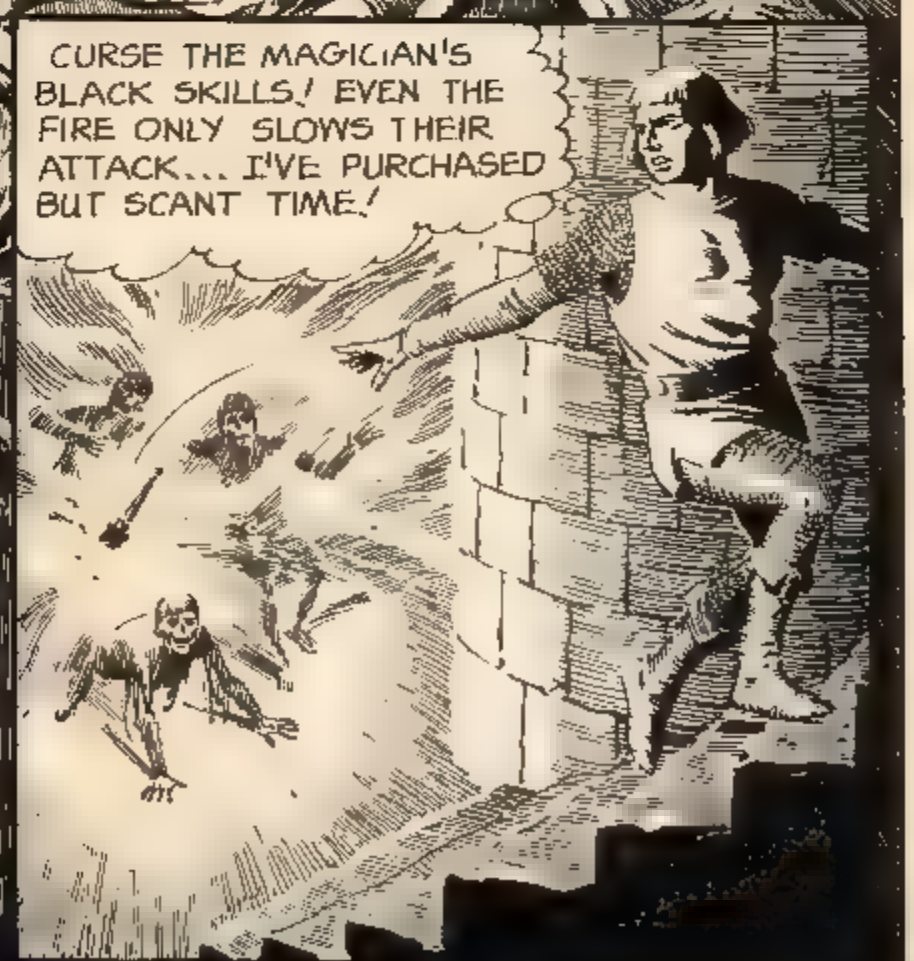
...MY MEN-AT-ARMS!

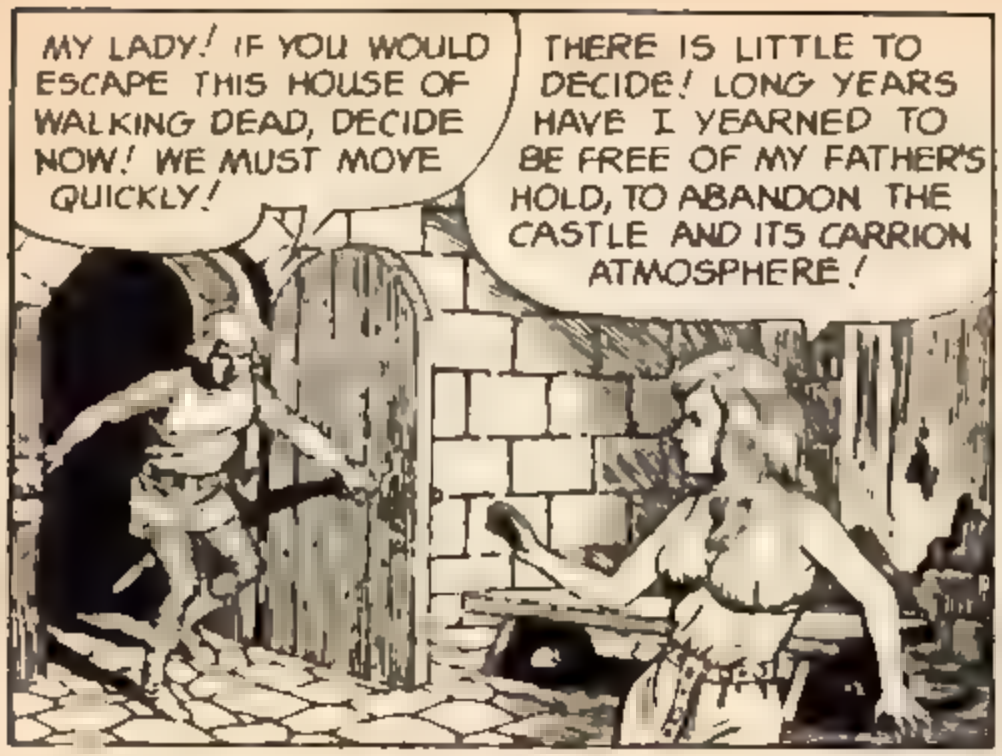

THINK I COULDN'T GUESS YOUR THOUGHTS ...SUSPECT YOU'D HOPE TO CARRY AWAY ELAINE? SHE'S TOO FOOLISH TO APPRECIATE WHAT I'VE GIVEN HER, AND YOU'LL DIE FOR HOPING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT!!

WELL STRUCK, SIR KNIGHT! BUT TO WHAT AVAIL...?

...THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD! YOU CAN SLOW THEM, ENCUMBER THEM, BUT WHILE THERE'S BONE TO STAND ON, THEY'LL RISE TO FIGHT AGAIN! YOUR SWORD WILL SHATTER BEFORE THEY DO!!

THEN LET ME SAVE MY STEEL AND TRY... YOUR FLAME!

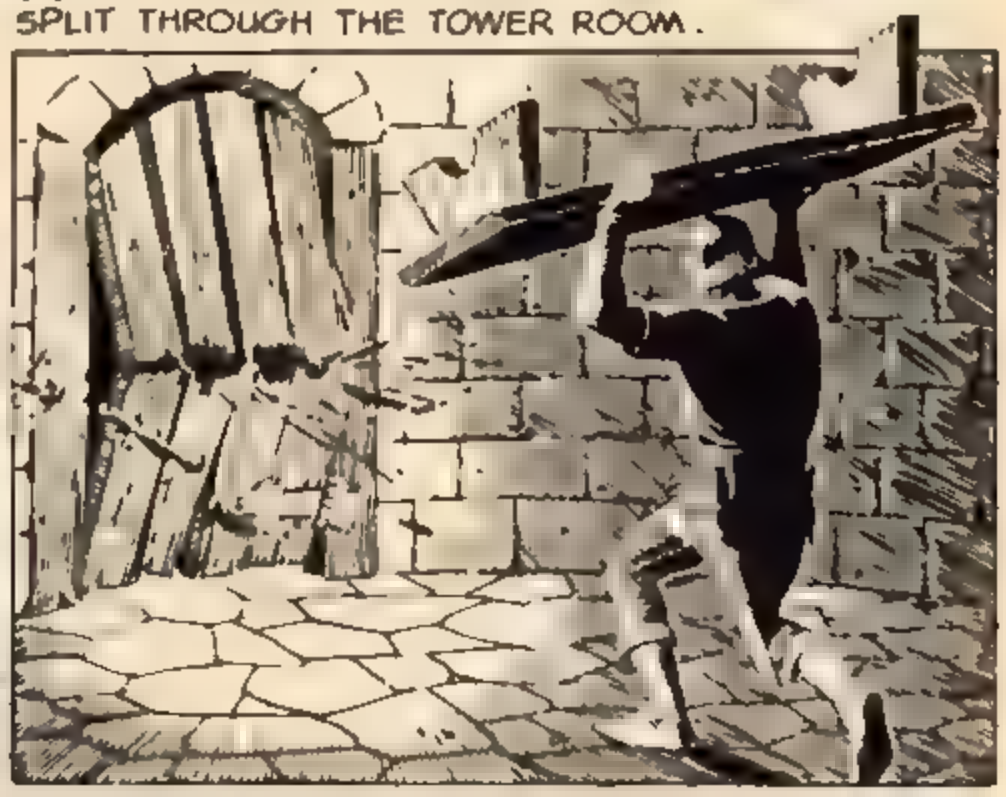

CURSE THE MAGICIAN'S BLACK SKILLS! EVEN THE FIRE ONLY SLOWS THEIR ATTACK... I'VE PURCHASED BUT SCANT TIME!



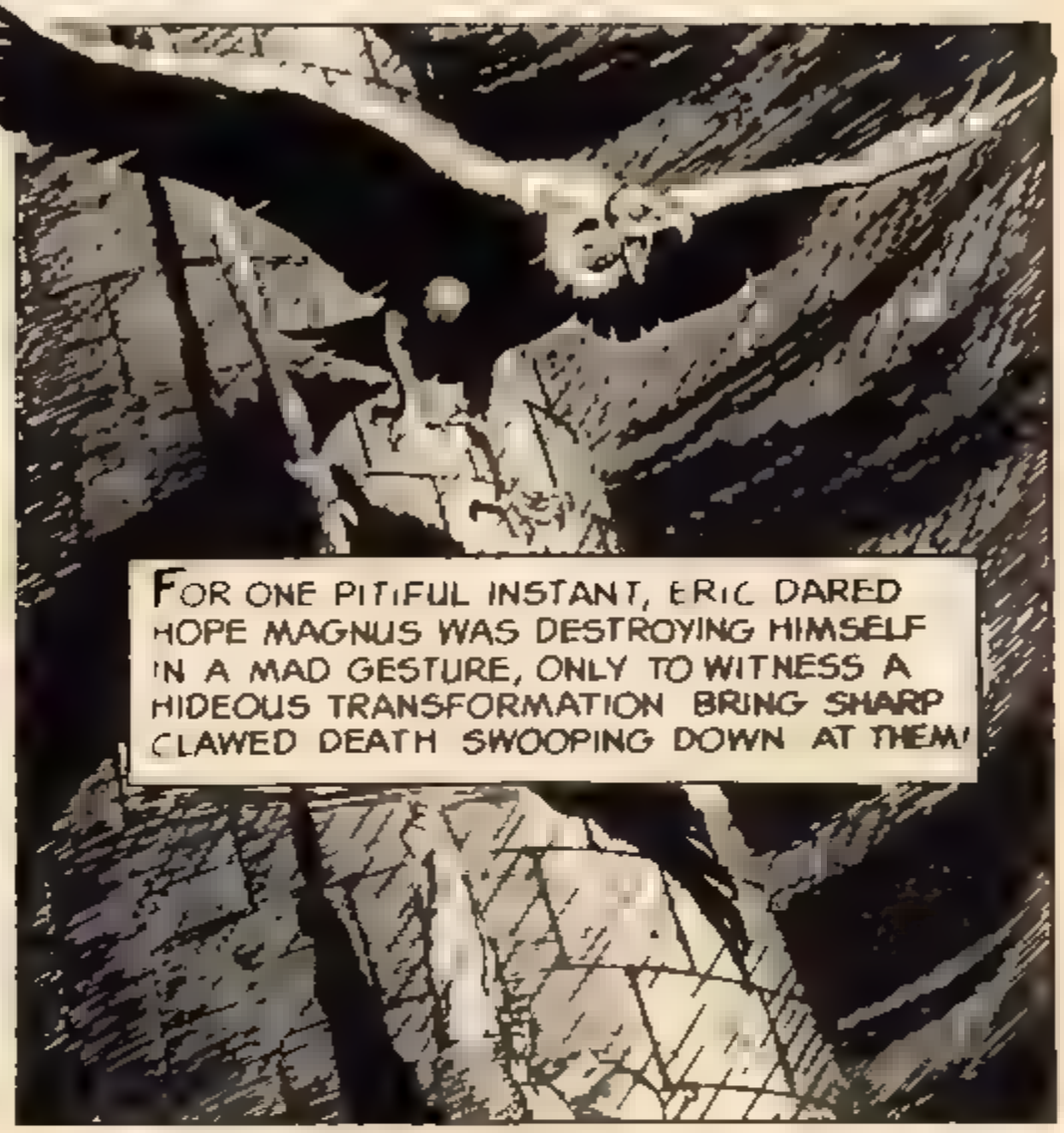

ERIC SLAMMED HOME THE BOLT ON THE DOOR. ALREADY THERE WERE SOUNDS ON THE STAIRS.

WITH FEVERISH FINGERS, ERIC AND ELAINE BENT TO THEIR TASK DRIVEN BY THE BRUTE ASSAULT OF BONY FISTS AND BODIES ON THE EVER WEAKENING DOOR

A SICKENING SOUND OF SPLINTERING WOOD SPLIT THROUGH THE TOWER ROOM.



ASSAILED BY THE FULL FURY OF WIND AND RAIN, THEY INCHED DOWN THE FRAGILE ESCAPE LINE FROM THE WINDOW ABOVE, ERIC HEARD A VOICE, SHATTERING WITH MENACE THROUGH THE STORM ..

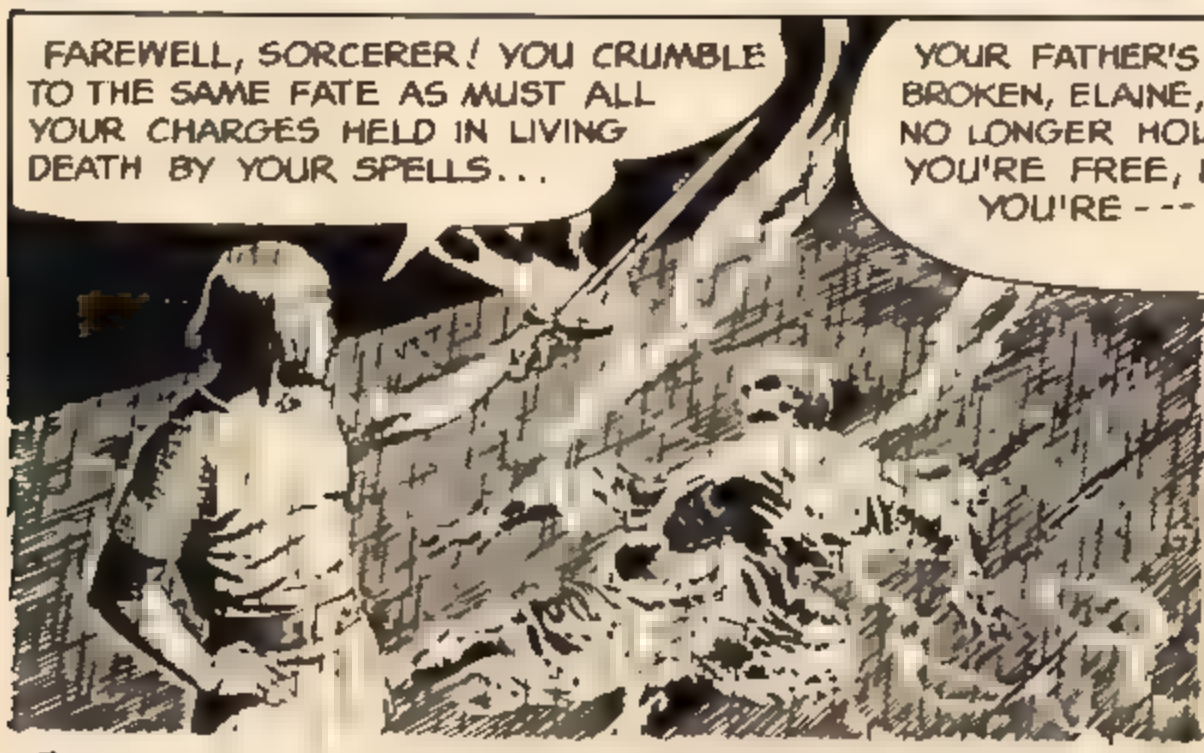



DESPERATELY ERIC LOOSENED HIS GRIP, SLIDING FASTER AND FASTER TOWARD THE STONE FLOOR OF THE BATTLEMENT...BUT NOT NEARLY FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THE PLANNING FURY OF WINGED EVIL!

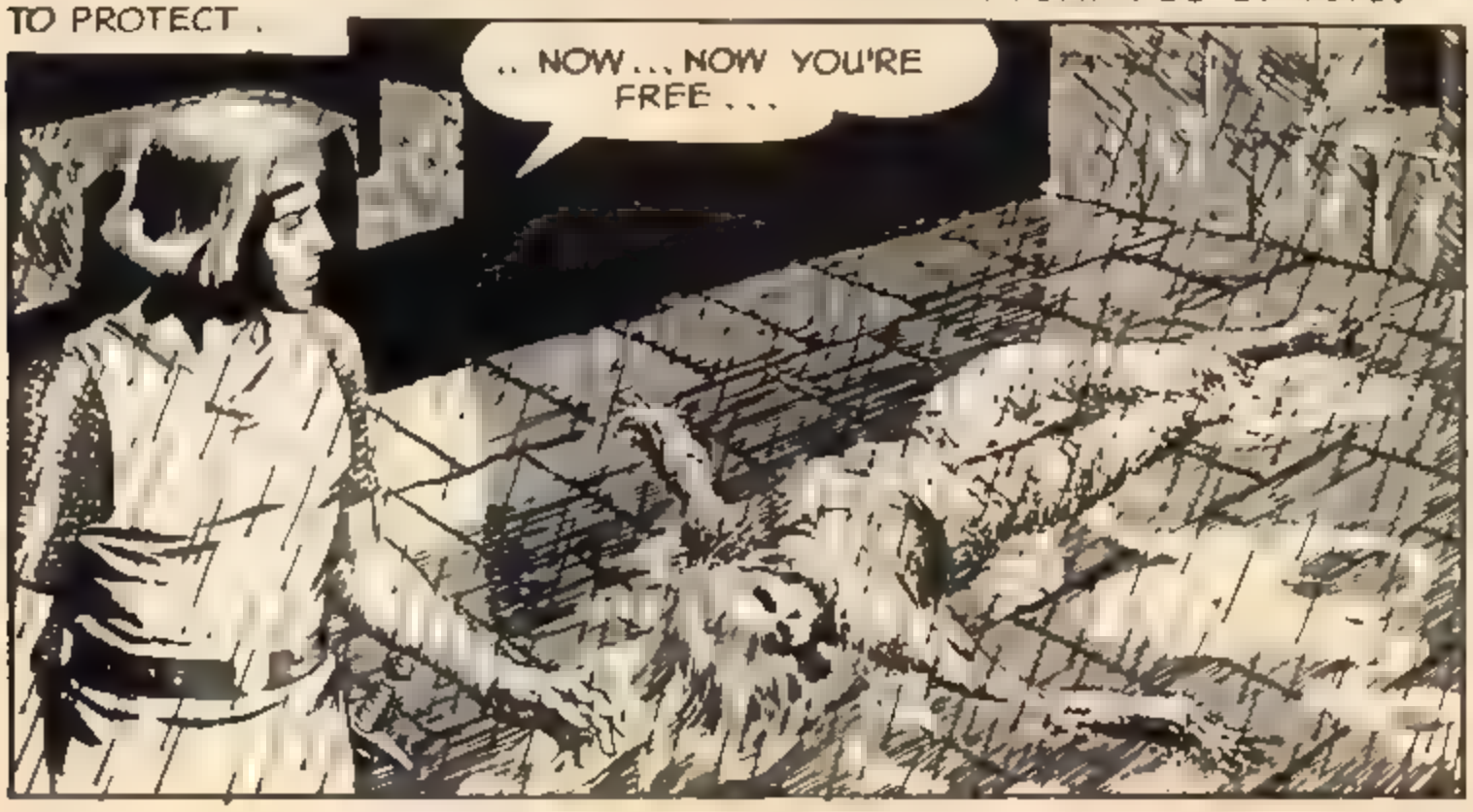
A HAZY NUMBNESS GRIPPED ERIC... HIS EFFORT HAD BROUGHT THEM NEAR ENOUGH TO THE BATTLEMENT TO SURVIVE THE FALL, NOW HE FUMBLED FOR HIS SWORD, AND TRIED TO MAKE HIMSELF RISE...

A BLURRED TERRIBLE FORM HURTLED AT HIM, EVER LARGER AND CLOSER... HIS LEGS TREMBLED, NAUSEA SWEPT THROUGH HIM...IT WAS ALL HE COULD DO TO GRIP THE SWORD WITH BOTH HANDS AND RAISE IT IN FRONT OF HIM...

...AND AGAIN HE WITNESSED A TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION.



THE WILDERNESS OF THE STORM HAD LAPSED INTO A SLOW STEADY RAIN, GRADUALLY WASHING AWAY THE MOST PERFECT OF MAGNUS THE MAGICIAN'S ART...THE LONG DEAD DAUGHTER HE'D CREATED A FORTRESS OF FEAR TO PROTECT.



ART BY NEAL ADAMS SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

I CURSE YOU, COUNT VENETO...WITH ALL THE POWERS OF DARKEST EVIL RAMPANT WITHIN ME, ***I CURSE YOU AND YOUR LINE!*** CURSE YOU WITH THE CURSE I HAVE BORNE...***THE CURSE OF THE UNDEAD!***

DEATH WILL HOLD NO PEACE FOR YOU OR ANY THAT FOLLOW YOU! YOU'LL RISE AGAIN AS ***VAMPIRES!*** DO YOU HEAR ME, COUNT VENETO.. ?

***THE ENTIRE VENETO LINE WILL ALWAYS RETURN FROM DEATH AS VAMPIRES! FOREVER...***

KERRR-WOP

...VAMPI---

THE OLD SERVANT PAUSED DRAMATICALLY IN HIS STORY, AND FOR A CHILLING INSTANT, DR. PAUL GORDON WAS LEFT TO THE FLICKERING SHADOWS OF THE CANDLELIGHT AND THE GRIM STARE FROM THE PORTRAIT OF THE ACURSED COUNT...

YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BELIEVE A STORY LIKE THAT, CESARE!

UNFORTUNATELY, SIGNOR DOCTOR, WITH THE VENETO CURSE, IT IS NOT BELIEF THAT IS HARD, BUT ***DOUBT...***

GORDON FOLLOWED CESARE THROUGH THE GLOOM OF THE ANCIENT VILLA, TREADING STEADILY DOWNWARD TO THE LOWERMOST RECESSES ...THE FAMILY CRYPTS!

BUT HAS THERE EVER BEEN ANY PROOF... CONCRETE PROOF?

I KNOW WHAT I KNOW, SIGNOR ... THE LEGENDS ABOUND AND THE FAMILY BELIEVES, SO WHY NOT I? MORE THAN A FEW DEATHS OCCUR IN OUR VILLAGE THAT COULD ONLY BE THE WORK OF...*VAMPIRI!*

AMONG THE GENERATIONS OF VENETOS I HAVE SERVED, A PRECAUTION IS INSISTED UPON...THERE IS A TENDENCY FOR THEM TO DIE MYSTERIOUSLY AND WITHOUT WARNING...TO FREE THEIR SOULS FROM THE CURSE, THE HAMMER AND STAKE IS USED IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH!

TO MY SORROW, DR. GORDON, AND I'M SURE YOURS...THE SAME FATE BELONGS TO THE COUNTESS!

TERESA! MY POOR TERESA...

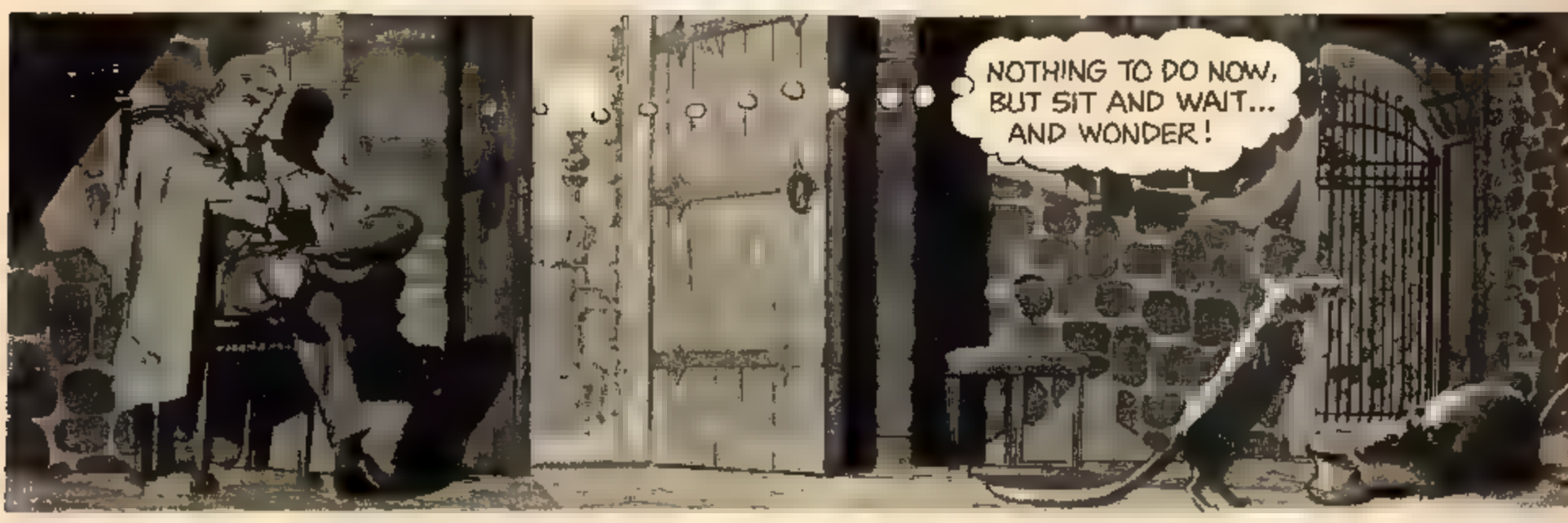
THE COUNTESS REQUESTED YOU BE ALLOWED TO SEE HER... THAT IS THE ONLY REASON I HAVE DELAYED THE MEN THIS LONG...THE ACT SHOULD HAVE BEEN CARRIED OUT BEFORE NOW...DO NOT BE LONG, SIGNORE!

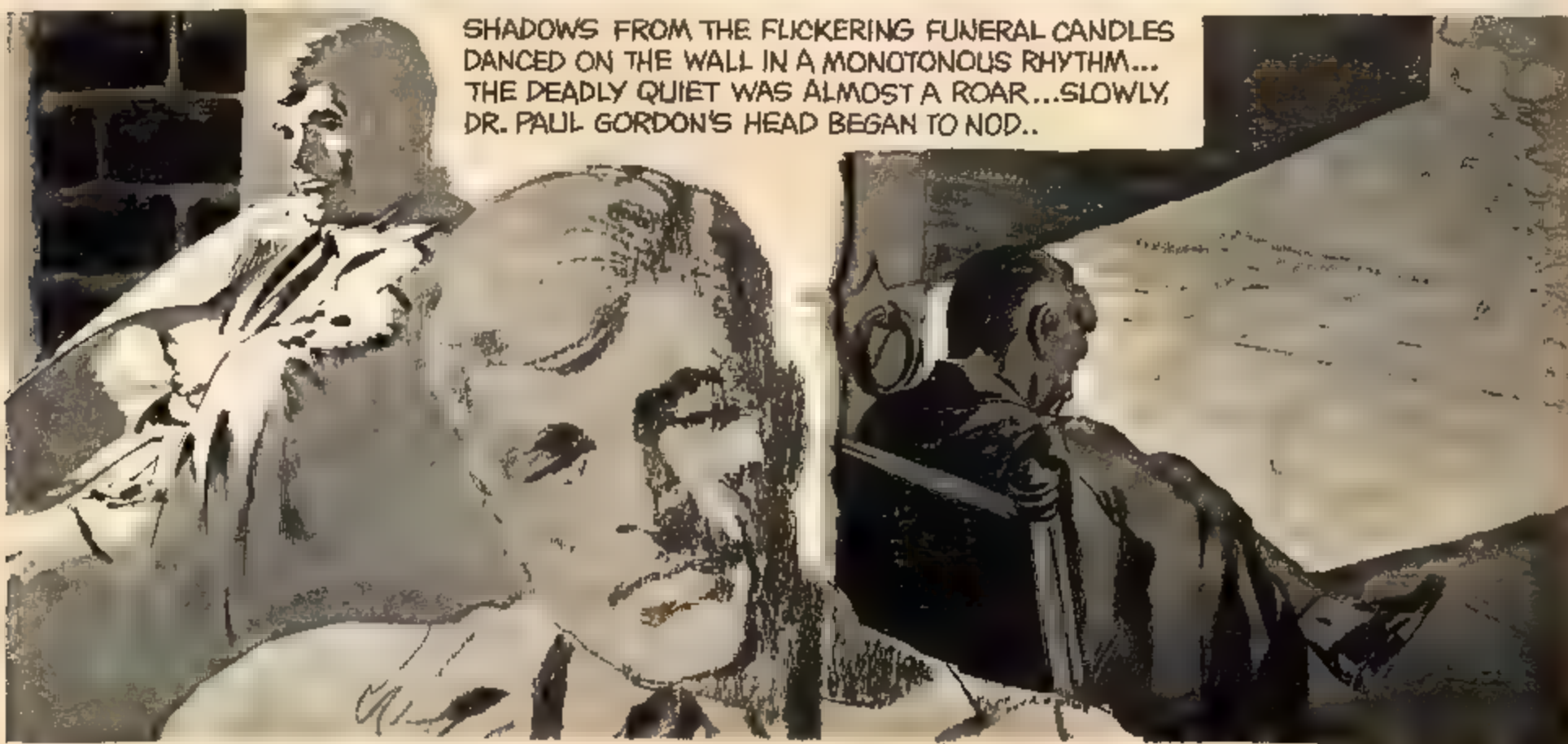
LEFT ALONE, PAUL GORDON STARED IN SILENCE AT THE STILL, BEAUTIFUL FORM, BUT HIS MIND RACED BACKWARD TO ANOTHER TIME ...

THE TIME OF GORDON'S FIRST EVENING IN THE VILLAGE AND HIS FIRST SIGHT OF COUNTESS TERESA VENETO...
WITCH! WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE! BACK TO YOUR VILLA...STAY OUT OF OUR VILLAGE!
PLEASE! I CAN'T HELP WHAT I AM.. PLEASE!
SWINE!
THE WORDS PUMPED COLD FURY THROUGH HIM, AND WITH A SUDDEN CRY, GORDON PLUNGED INTO THE CROWD, LASHING AND FLAILING IN ALL DIRECTIONS.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY ARE YOU TREATING THE GIRL LIKE THAT? WHO IS SHE?
HER? THAT VENETO WITCH! SHE'S A VAMPIRE... BLOOD-SUCKER! OR SOON WILL BE! THIS IS NOTHING... BETTER WE SHOULD KILL HER!
THIS WAY! BEFORE THOSE IDIOTS HAVE A CHANCE TO RECOVER!
DON'T THINK TOO HARSHLY OF THEM...THEY HAVE THEIR REASONS...
THAT WAS THE BEGINNING, AND, DESPITE HER RETICENCE AND DISTANTNESS, HE HAD ENJOYED EACH MEETING...HAD BEEN INTRIGUED AND CURIOUS...
THESE EVENINGS ARE ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL, TERESA...I THINK I'VE ALWAYS BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU!
PLEASE, PAUL...THERE'S SO MUCH YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, THAT I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU...

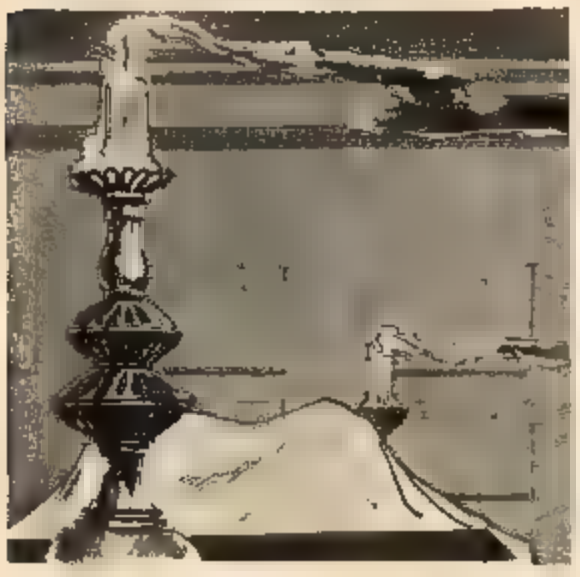
ABRUPTLY, CESARE'S VOICE BROUGHT HIM BACK TO THE PRESENT AND THE PALE, COLD FIGURE BEFORE HIM...
SORRY, SIGNOR, WE CAN WAIT NO LONGER...
SHE WAS YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL...TO JUST SUDDENLY DIE LIKE THAT...I WISH I COULD UNDERSTAND...
IT IS THE WAY OF THE VENETOS, DOCTOR...A SEIZURE, A COMA, THEN...IT IS OVER! NOW, THERE ARE THINGS THAT MUST BE DONE!
THE STAKE... NOW YOU'RE GOING TO.....
NO! THE SYMPTOMS YOU MENTIONED...SHE COULD STILL BE ALIVE! THE CURSE OF THE VENETOS MIGHT BE CATALEPSY! THEY FALL INTO A DEATHLIKE TRANCE... BUT LATER AWAKEN!
SIGNORE... THE VILLAGE DOCTOR MADE EVERY EXAMINATION...
I'M A DOCTOR, TOO! LOOK AT HER .. YOU CAN'T BE CERTAIN! IT'S TOO GREAT A RISK, I WON'T ALLOW IT FOR SOME SILLY SUPERSTITION!
IT IS A TRADITION OF WHICH EVEN THE COUNTESS APPROVED...WE CANNOT TAKE THE CHANCE! IF THEY FIND OUT IN THE VILLAGE...
I DON'T CARE! I'M NOT LETTING YOU DO IT! GET OUT OF HERE...GET OUT! ONE NIGHT'S DELAY WON'T HURT! I'LL BE HERE TO WATCH!

THE IRON DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS CLANGED SHUT...THE SOUND OF THE LOCK'S TUMBLERS TURNING ECHOED OMINOUSLY THROUGH THE CRYPTS ...DR. GORDON SUDDENLY FELT VERY ALONE.



SOMETIME LATER, A BREEZE MOVED THROUGH THE MUSTY STALENESS OF THE CRYPTS, WENDING ITS WAY TO THE CANDLES' FLAMES WHICH FLARED MOMENTARILY AND VANISHED INTO BLACKNESS ..



AND IN THE VELVET-THICK SHROUD OF DARKNESS, OTHER THINGS BEGAN TO STIR...

UNTIL...

CESARE! Y-YOU'RE A... V-VAMPIRE!

BURNING, INSANE EYES GLARED DOWN OUT OF THE DARKNESS AT GORDON AS FINGERS OF STEEL CLUTCH AT HIS NECK...WITH HORRIBLE SURENESS THE SHADOW HEAD CAME CLOSER AND CLOSER...

AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN SIGNOR! WITH THE INTEREST IN THE VENETO CURSE, NO ONE EVER SUSPECTED ME, ***THEY*** WERE ALWAYS BLAMED! AND I SAW TO IT, THEY WERE ALL KILLED OFF BEFORE THEY BECAME SERIOUS COMPETITION...***UNTIL YOU INTERFERED!***

THE TWISTED EVIL FACE LOOMED CLOSE, GLEAMING FANGS THRUST AT GORDON'S NECK...DESPERATELY, HIS FUMBLING HAND CLAWED AT THE FLOOR BENEATH HIM, SUDDENLY STRIKING...
THE WOODEN STAKE! WHEN I SHOVED THEM OUT OF THE CRYPT, IT MUST HAVE BEEN DROPPED!
AIEEEEEEEE
CHUK
AND AS CESARE'S BODY WRITHED AND CRUMBLED ON THE DANK FLOOR BENEATH GORDON'S FEET, ANOTHER FORM EMERGED FROM THE SURROUNDING BLACKNESS...
PAUL... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE...WHAT'S HAPPENED...?
YOU'RE ALIVE, TERESA ...LIVING PROOF THAT THE VENETO CURSE IS A MYTH... YOU'RE CATATONIC, BUT YOU'RE NOT A VAMPIRE!
B-BUT WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME LIKE THAT...AREN'T YOU HAPPY?...AREN'T...
I DARED TO HOPE YOU MIGHT BE WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR...WHAT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SEEKING...AN IDEAL MATCH FOR ME...BUT YOU'RE HARDLY THAT, TERESA ..
...SINCE THE CURSE DIDN'T WORK, YOU'RE ONLY ANOTHER VICTIM!
EEEEEEEEEEEE
WHAT A SNEAKY GUY THAT GORDON WAS... WOULDN'T EVEN LET POOR CESARE LIVE TO SHARE THE FUN...GUESS HE FIGURED THERE WAS TOO MUCH AT STAKE, EH, FIENDIES?

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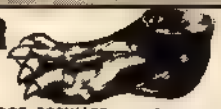

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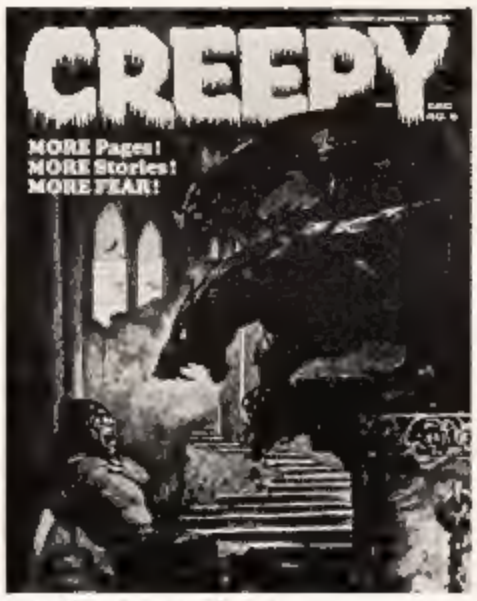

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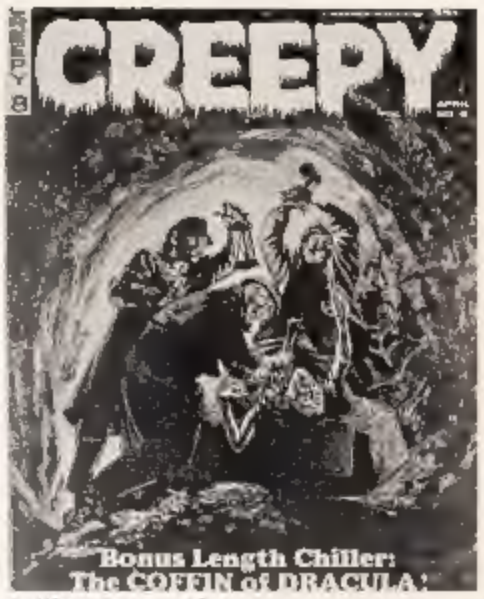

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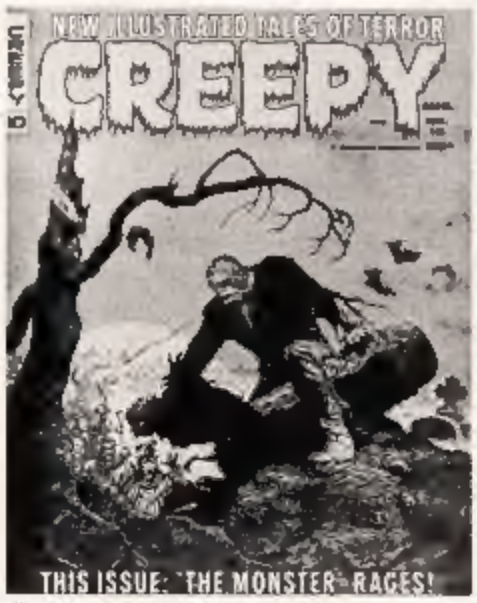

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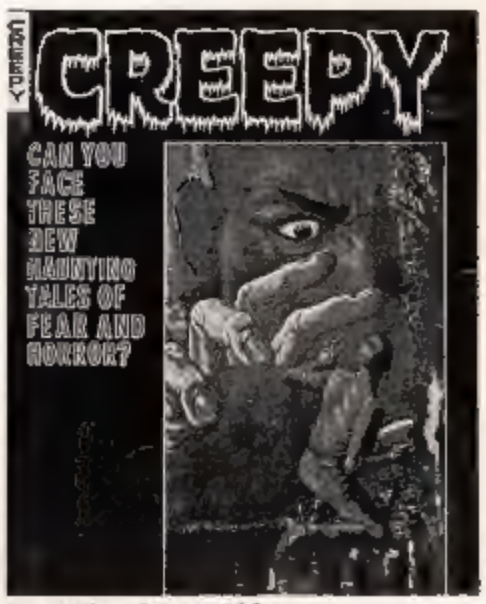

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The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

### CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unhurt on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carrol Naish) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hooking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcame a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

### CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secrets himself in the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

### CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crack-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in town, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman!

### CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

### CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from their Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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